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MASTER PIECES OF THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

EDITED BY

JEANNETTE L. GILDER

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INDEX TO AUTHORS

PAGE

FITZGERALD, EDWARD 5
The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám.

FOUQUÉ, FREDERICK H. K. 23
How Undine Came to the Fisherman.
The Marriage of Undine.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN 36
Franklin Goes to Philadelphia. The Way to Wealth.
Model of a Letter of Recommendation of a Person You Are Unacquainted With.
Franklin as a Printer. Rules of Health.
The Art of Virtue. Epitaph for Himself.

FROUDE, JAMES A. 79
Early Character of Henry VIII. A Forgotten Hero.
The Death of Thomas Becket.

GABORIAU, ÉMILE 102
The Amateur Detective.

GASKELL, ELIZABETH C. 119
Green Heys Fields. Cupid in Cranford.
An Old Bachelor has Visitors.

GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE 146
Spanish Life in Granada.
Ascent of the Sierra Nevada.

GILDER, RICHARD WATSON 162
On the Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln.
Music in Darkness. A Midsummer Song.

GOETHE, JOHANN W. 166
Faustus. The Poet's Year. Song.
What Songs are Like. Youth and Age.
The Boy and the Puppets.

PAGE

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER 183
Moses at the Fair. The Village Schoolmaster.
The Family of Wakefield.
An Elegy on That Glory of Her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.
From "The Deserted Village."
From "The Traveler: or, a Prospect of Society."

GRANT, ULYSSES S. 202
Grant's Courtship.
The Meeting between Grant and Lee.
Some Results of the War.

GRAY, THOMAS 210
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.
Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden.

GRIMM BROTHERS 219
The Cat and Mouse in Partnership.
Little Briar Rose. The Three Spinners.

GREENE, ALBERT GORTON 229
Old Grimes.

HAFIZ 231
A Persian Song.

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT 233
My Double and How He Undid Me.

HAMILTON, ALEXANDER 248
The Fate of André. A Nation at War with Itself.
Nathaniel Greene. On a Dissolution of the Union.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET 262
Jim. Plain Language from Truthful James.
Dickens in Camp.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL 268
The Scarlet Letter Revealed.
The Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale.
The Market-Place. The Founding of the City.

INDEX TO TITLES

		PAGE
Amateur Detective, The	*Émile Gaboriau*	102
Art of Virtue, The	*Benjamin Franklin*	70
Ascent of the Sierra Nevada	*Théophile Gautier*	152
Boy and the Puppets, The	*Johann W. Goethe*	180
Cat and Mouse in Partnership, The	*Grimm Brothers*	219
Cupid in Cranford	*Elizabeth C. Gaskell*	122
Death of Thomas Becket	*James A. Froude*	92
Deserted Village, The	*Oliver Goldsmith*	193
Dickens in Camp	*F. Bret Harte*	266
Early Character of Henry VIII	*James A. Froude*	79
Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize, An	*Oliver Goldsmith*	192
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	*Thomas Gray*	210
Epitaph for Himself	*Benjamin Franklin*	78
Family of Wakefield, The	*Oliver Goldsmith*	189
Fate of André, The	*Alexander Hamilton*	248
Faustus	*Johann W. Goethe*	166
Forgotten Hero, A	*James A. Froude*	83
Founding of the City, The	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	305
Franklin as a Printer	*Benjamin Franklin*	66
Franklin Goes to Philadelphia	*Benjamin Franklin*	36
Grant's Courtship	*Ulysses S. Grant*	202
Green Heys Fields	*Elizabeth C. Gaskell*	119
How Undine Came to the Fisherman,	*Frederick H. K. Fouqué*	23
Jim	*F. Bret Harte*	262
Little Briar Rose	*Grimm Brothers*	222
Market-Place, The	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	294
Marriage of Undine, The	*Frederick H. K. Fouqué*	26
Meeting between Grant and Lee, The,	*Ulysses S. Grant*	206
Midsummer Song, A	*Richard Watson Gilder*	164
Model of a Letter of Introduction	*Benjamin Franklin*	66
Moses at the Fair	*Oliver Goldsmith*	183

INDEX TO TITLES

		PAGE
Music in Darkness	*Richard Watson Gilder*	163
My Double and How He Undid Me,	*Edward Everett Hale*	233
Nathaniel Greene	*Alexander Hamilton*	255
Nation at War with Itself, A	*Alexander Hamilton*	254
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,	*Thomas Gray*	215
Old Bachelor has Visitors, An	*Elizabeth C. Gaskell*	132
Old Grimes	*Albert Gorton Greene*	229
On a Dissolution of the Union	*Alexander Hamilton*	257
On the Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln,	*Richard Watson Gilder*	162
Persian Song, A.	*Hafiz*	231
Plain Language from Truthful James	*F. Bret Harte*	264
Poet's Year, The	*Johann W. Goethe*	173
Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, The,	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	283
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, The,	*Edward Fitzgerald*	5
Rules of Health	*Benjamin Franklin*	69
Scarlet Letter Revealed, The	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	268
Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden	*Thomas Gray*	218
Some Results of the War	*Ulysses S. Grant*	209
Song	*Johann W. Goethe*	178
Spanish Life in Granada	*Théophile Gautier*	146
Three Spinners, The	*Grimm Brothers*	226
Traveler, The: or, A Prospect of Society,	*Oliver Goldsmith*	199
Village Schoolmaster, The	*Oliver Goldsmith*	188
Way to Wealth, The	*Benjamin Franklin*	54
What Songs Are Like	*Johann W. Goethe*	179
Youth and Age	*Johann W. Goethe*	179

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Edward FitzGerald, English translator and poet, was born at Bredfield House, in Suffolk, England, in 1809; died at Merton in 1883. His father's name was Purcell, but he had taken that of his wife. FitzGerald graduated from Cambridge University, and then lived the life of a country gentleman. He translated the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám about 1859, on this rests his reputation as a man of letters. Other works of his are "Polonius," and "Euphranor."

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

(The MacMillan Co., Publishers)

(Fourth Edition)

I.

WAKE! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outsie?"

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

IV

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.

X

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobad the Great, or Kaikhosru?
Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hatim call to Supper—heed not you.

XI

With me along the strip of Herbage strewn
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!

XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII

Some for the Glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XV

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
  Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
  Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
  How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

XIX

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
  That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

XX

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
  Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XXI

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morroy! Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII

And we that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

XXIV

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

XXV

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

XXVI

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

XXVIII

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence,* like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither,* willy-nilly blowing.

XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

XXXIII

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
  Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
  A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

XXXV

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
  And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
  And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XXXVII

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
  And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVIII

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
  Of such a cloud of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

XXXIX

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

XL

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

XLI

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;
Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were—To-morrow you shall not be less.

XLIII

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

XLV

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

XLVIII

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

XLIX

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About the SECRET—quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

L

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

LI

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Mah to Mahi; and
They change and perish all—but He remains;

LII

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze To-DAY, while You are You—how then
To-MORROW, when You shall be You no more?

LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVI

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

LIX

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust.

LXIII

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep,
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.

LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show!

LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and Days:
  Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
  And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
  Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
  Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for it
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
  And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXIV

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
TO-MORROW's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
  Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXV

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
  Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXVI

The Vine had struck a fiber: which about
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;
  Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXVII

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
  One flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXVIII

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
  Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—
  Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

LXXX

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
  Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
  For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

* * * * * * *

LXXXII

As under cover of departing Day
Slnk hunger-stricken Ramazan away,
  Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII

Shapes of all sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
  And some loquacious vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

LXXXIV

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
  And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

LXXXV

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly make;
  "They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Sufi pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me, then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXXXVIII

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

LXXXIX

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

XC

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother!
Brother!
Now for the Potter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

* * * * * * *

XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

XCIII

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
  Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCIV

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
  And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

XCV

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor—Well,
  I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
  The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
  To which the fainting Traveler might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

XCVIII

Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
  And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
  Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mold it nearer to the Heart's desire!

* * * * * * *

C

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
  How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

CI

And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
  And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

FRIEDRICH H. K. FOUQUÉ

FRIEDRICH HEINRICH KARL FOUQUÉ, BARON DE LA MOTTE, poet and novelist, born in Brandenburg in 1777; died in Berlin in 1843. He fought in the wars against Napoleon and was wounded at Kulm. After the "Battle of the Nations" at Leipsic he became a writer, and established his reputation as one of the most original of the romantic school. Of all his numerous works "Undine" has received the greatest approval of critics for two generations. He had great admiration for high Christian ideals, and the knightly chivalry of the Middle Ages.

HOW UNDINE CAME TO THE FISHERMAN

(From "Undine")

IT is now—the fisherman said—about fifteen years ago that I was one day crossing the wild forest with my goods, on my way to the city. My wife had stayed at home, as her wont is; and at this particular time for a very good reason, for God had given us in our tolerably advanced age a wonderfully beautiful child. It was a little girl; and a question always arose between us whether for the sake of the newcomer we would not leave our lovely home that we might better bring up this dear gift of Heaven in some more habitable place. Well, the matter was tolerably clear in my head as I went along. This slip of land was so dear to me, and I shuddered when amid the noise and brawls of the city I thought to myself, "In such scenes as these, or in one not much

more quiet, thou wilt soon make thy abode!" But at the same time I did not murmur against the good God; on the contrary, I thanked Him in secret for the new-born babe. I should be telling a lie, too, were I to say that on my journey through the wood, going or returning, anything befell me out of the common way; and at that time I had never seen any of its fearful wonders. The Lord was ever with me in those mysterious shades.

On this side of the forest, alas! a sorrow awaited me. My wife came to meet me with tearful eyes and clad in mourning. "Oh! good God," I groaned, "where is our dear child? Speak!" "With Him on Whom you have called, dear husband," she replied; and we entered the cottage together, weeping silently. I looked around for the little corpse, and it was then only that I learned how it had all happened.

My wife had been sitting with the child on the edge of the lake, and she was playing with it, free of all fear and full of happiness; the little one suddenly bent forward, as if attracted by something very beautiful on the water. My wife saw her laugh, dear angel, and stretch out her little hands; but in a moment she had sprung out of her mother's arms and sunk beneath the watery mirror. I sought long for our little lost one; but it was all in vain; there was no trace of her to be found.

The same evening, we, childless parents, were sitting silently together in the cottage; neither of us had any desire to talk, even had our tears allowed us. We sat gazing into the fire on the hearth. Presently we heard something rustling outside the door; it flew open, and a beautiful little girl, three or four years old, richly dressed, stood on the threshold smiling at us. We were quite dumb with astonishment, and I knew not at first whether it were a vision or a reality. But I saw the water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments,

and I perceived that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and needed help. "Wife," said I, "no one has been able to save our dear child; yet let us at any rate do for others what would have made us so blessed." We undressed the little one, put her to bed, and gave her something warm. At all this she spoke not a word, and only fixed her eyes, that reflected the blue of the lake and of the sky, smilingly upon us.

Next morning we quickly perceived that she had taken no harm from her wetting, and I now inquired about her parents, and how she had come here. But she gave a confused and strange account. She must have been born far from here, not only because for the fifteen years I have not been able to find out anything of her parentage, because she then spoke, and at times still speaks, of such singular things that such as we are cannot tell but that she may have dropped upon us from the moon. She talks of golden castles, of crystal domes, and heavens knows what besides. The story that she told with most distinctness was, that she was out in a boat with her mother on the great lake, and fell into the water; and that she only recovered her senses here under the trees, where she felt herself quite happy on the merry shore.

We had still a great misgiving and perplexity weighing on our hearts. We had indeed soon decided to keep the child we had found, and to bring her up in the place of our lost darling; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized or not? She herself could give us no information on the matter. She generally answered our questions by saying that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory, and that she was ready to let us do with her whatever would tend to His honor and glory.

My wife and I thought that if she were not baptised there was on time for delay, and that if she

were, a good thing could not be repeated too often. And in pursuance of this idea we reflected upon a good name for the child, for we were often at a loss to know what to call her. We agreed at last that "Dorothea" would be the most suitable for her, for I had once heard that it meant a "gift of God," and she had been sent to us by God as a gift and comfort in our misery. She, on the other hand, would no hear of this, and told us that she thought she had been called Undine by her parents, and that Undine she wished still to be called. Now this appeared to me a heathenish name, not to be found in any calendar, and I took counsel therefore of a priest in the city. He also would not hear of the name Undine; but at my earnest request he came with me through the mysterious forest in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage. The little one stood before us so prettily arrayed, and looked so charming, that the priest's heart was at once moved within him; and she flattered him so prettily, and braved him so merrily, that at last he could no longer remember the objections he had ready against the name of Undine. She was therefore baptized "Undine," and during the sacred ceremony she behaved with great propriety and sweetness, wild and restless as she invariably was at other times, for my wife was quite right when she said that it has been hard to put up with her.

THE MARRIAGE OF UNDINE

BEFORE the nuptial ceremony, and during its performance, Undine had shown a modest gentleness and maidenly reserve; but it now seemed as if all the wayward freaks that effervesced within her burst forth with an extravagance only the more bold and unrestrained. She teased her bridegroom,

her foster-parents, and even the priest, whom she had just now revered so highly, with all sorts of childish tricks; but when the ancient dame was about to reprove her too frolicsome spirit, the knight in a few words imposed silence upon her by speaking of Undine as his wife.

The knight was himself indeed just as little pleased with Undine's childish behavior as the rest; but all his looks and half-reproachful words were to no purpose. It is true, whenever the bride observed the dissatisfaction of her husband—and this occasionally happened—she became more quiet, and placed herself beside him, stroked his face with caressing fondness, whispered something smilingly in his ear, and in this manner smoothed the wrinkles that were gathering on his brow. But the moment after, some wild whim would make her resume her antic movements; and all went worse than before.

The priest then spoke in a kind although serious tone:—

"My fair young maiden, surely no one can look on you without pleasure; but remember betimes so to attune your soul, that it may produce a harmony ever in accordance with the soul of your wedded bridegroom."

"Soul!" cried Undine, with a laugh. "What you say has a remarkably pretty sound; and for most people, too, it may be a very instructive and profitable caution. But when a person has no soul at all, how, I pray you, can such attuning be then possible? And this in truth is just my condition."

The priest was much hurt, but continued silent in holy displeasure, and turned away his face from the maiden in sorrow. She went up to him, however, with the most winning sweetness, and said:—

"Nay, I entreat you, first listen to me, before you are angry with me; for your anger is painful to me, and you ought not to give pain to a creature that

has not hurt you. Only have patience with me, and I will explain to you every word of what I mean."

It was evident that she had come to say something important; when she suddenly faltered as if seized with inward shuddering, and burst into a passion of tears. They were none of them able to understand the intenseness of her feelings; and with mingled emotions of fear ard anxiety, they gazed on her in silence. Then wiping away her tears and looking earnestly at the priest, she at last said:—

"There must be something lovely, but at the same time something most awful, about a soul. In the name of God, holy man, were it not better that we never shared a gift so mysterious?"

Again she paused, and restrained her tears, as if waiting for an answer. All in the cottage had risen from their seats, and stepped back from her with horror. She, however, seemed to have eyes for no one but the holy man; an awful curiosity was painted on her features, which appeared terrible to the others.

"Heavily must the soul weigh down its possessor," she pursued, when no one returned her any answer—"very heavily! for already its approaching image overshadows me with anguish and mourning. And alas, I have till now been so merry and light-hearted!" and she burst into another flood of tears and covered her face with her veil.

The priest, going up to her with a solemn look, now addressed himself to her, and conjured her, by the name of God most holy, if any spirit of evil possessed her, to remove the light covering from her face. But she sank before him on her knees, and repeated after him every sacred expression he uttered, giving praise to God, and protesting that she "wished well to the whole world."

The priest then spoke to the knight: "Sir bridegroom, I leave you alone with her whom I have

united to you in marriage. So far as I can discover there is nothing of evil in her, but assuredly much that is wonderful. What I recommend to you is prudence, love, and fidelity."

Thus speaking, he left the apartment; and the fisherman with his wife followed him, crossing themselves.

Undine had sunk upon her knees. She uncovered her face, and exclaimed, while she looked fearfully round upon Huldbrand, "Alas, you will now refuse to look upon me as your own; and I still have done nothing evil, poor unhappy child that I am!" She spoke these words with a look so infinitely sweet and touching, that her bridegroom forgot both the confession that had shocked and the mystery that had perplexed him; and hastening to her, he raised her in his arms. She smiled through her tears; and that smile was like the morning light playing upon a small stream. "You cannot desert me!" she whispered confidingly, and stroked the knight's cheeks with her little soft hands. He turned away from the frightful thoughts that still lurked in the recesses of his soul, and were persuading him that he had been married to a fairy, or some spiteful and mischievous being of the spirit world. Only the single question, and that almost unawares, escaped from his lips:—

"Dearest Undine, tell me this one thing: what was it you meant by 'spirits of earth' and 'Külheborn,' when the priest stood knocking at the door?"

"Tales! mere tales of children!" answered Undine laughing, now quite restored to her wonted gayety. "I first frightened you with them, and you frightened me. This is the end of my story, and of our nuptial evening."

"Nay, not so," replied the enamored knight, extinguishing the tapers, and a thousand times kissing his beautiful and beloved bride; while, lighted by

the moon that shone brightly through the windows, he bore her into their bridal apartment.

The fresh light of morning woke the young married pair: but Huldbrand lay lost in silent reflection. Whenever, during the night, he had fallen asleep, strange and horrible dreams of specters had disturbed him; and these shapes, grinning at him by stealth, strove to disguise themselves as beautiful females; and from beautiful females they all at once assumed the appearance of dragons. And when he started up, aroused by the intrusion of these hideous forms, the moonlight shone pale and cold before the windows without. He looked affrighted at Undine, in whose arms he had fallen asleep: and she was reposing in unaltered beauty and sweetness beside him. Then pressing her rosy lips with a light kiss, he again fell into a slumber, only to be awakened by new terrors.

When fully awake he had thought over this connection. He reproached himself for any doubt that could lead him into error in regard to his lovely wife. He also confessed to her his injustice; but she only gave him her fair hand, sighed deeply, and remained silent. Yet a glance of fervent tenderness, an expression of the soul beaming in her eyes, such as he had never witnessed there before, left him in undoubted assurance that Undine bore him no ill-will.

He then rose joyfully, and leaving her, went to the common apartment, where the inmates of the house had already met. The three were sitting round the hearth with an air of anxiety about them, as if they feared trusting themselves to raise their voices above a low, apprehensive undertone. The priest appeared to be praying in his inmost spirit, with a view to avert some fatal calamity. But when they observed the young husband come forth so cheerful, they dispelled the cloud that remained upon their brows: the old fisherman even began to laugh

with the knight, till his aged wife herself could not help smiling with great good-humor.

Undine had in the meantime got ready, and now entered the room: all rose to meet her, but remained fixed in perfect admiration—she was so changed, and yet the same. The priest, with paternal affection beaming from his countenance, first went up to her; and as he raised his hand to pronounce a blessing, the beautiful bride sank on her knees before him with religious awe; she begged his pardon in terms both respectful and submissive for any foolish things she might have uttered the evening before, and entreated him with emotion to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster-parents, and after thanking them for all the kindness they had shown her, said:

"O, I now feel in my inmost heart how much, how infinitely much, you have done for me, you dear, dear friends of my childhood!"

At first she was wholly unable to tear herself away from their affectionate caresses; but the moment she saw the good old mother busy in getting breakfast, she went to the hearth, applied herself to cooking the food and putting it on the table, and would not suffer her to take the least share in the work.

She continued in this frame of spirit the whole day: calm, kind, attentive—half matronly and half girlish. The three who had been longest acquainted with her expected every instant to see her capricious spirit break out in some whimsical change or sportive vagary. But their fears were quite unnecessary. Undine continued as mild and gentle as an angel. The priest found it all but impossible to remove his eyes from her; and he often said to the bridegroom:—

"The bounty of Heaven, sir, through me its unworthy instrument, intrusted to you yesterday an

invaluable treasure; cherish it as you ought, and it will promote your temporal and eternal welfare."

Toward evening Undine was hanging upon the knight's arm with lowly tenderness, while she drew him gently out before the door, where the setting sun shone richly over the fresh grass and upon the high slender boles of the trees. Her emotion was visible; the dew of sadness and love swam in her eyes, while a tender and fearful secret seemed to hover upon her lips, but was only made known by hardly breathed sighs. She led her husband farther and farther onward without speaking. When he asked her questions, she replied only with looks, in which, it is true, there appeared to be no immediate answer to his inquiries, but a whole heaven of love and timid devotion. Thus they reached the margin of the swollen forest stream, and the knight was astonished to see it gliding away with so gentle a murmuring of its waves, that no vestige of its former swell and wildness was now discernible.

"By morning it will be wholly drained off," said the beautiful wife, almost weeping, "and you will then be able to travel, without anything to hinder you, whithersoever you will."

"Not without you, dear Undine," replied the knight, laughing; "think only, were I disposed to leave you, both the Church and the spiritual powers, the emperor and the laws of the realm, would require the fugitive to be seized and restored to you."

"All this depends on you—all depends on you," whispered his little companion, half weeping and half smiling. "But I still feel sure that you will not leave me; I love you too deeply to fear that misery. Now bear me over to that little island which lies before us. There shall the decision be made. I could easily, indeed, glide through that mere rippling of the water without your aid, but it is so sweet to lie in your arms; and should you

determine to put me away, I shall have rested in them once more, . . . for the last time."

Huldbrand was so full of strange anxiety and emotion, that he knew not what answer to make her. He took her in his arms and carried her over, now first realizing the fact that this was the same little island from which he had borne her back to the old fisherman, the first night of his arrival. On the farther side he placed her upon the soft grass, and was throwing himself lovingly near his beautiful burden; but she said to him:—"Not here, but opposite me. I shall read my doom in your eyes, even before your lips pronounce it; now listen attentively to what I shall relate to you." And she began:—

"You must know, my own love, that there are beings in the elements which bear the strongest resemblance to the human race, and which at the same time but seldom become visible to you. The wonderful salamanders sparkle and float amid the flames; deep in the earth the meager and malicious gnomes pursue their revels; the forest spirits belong to the air, and wander in the woods; while in the seas, rivers, and streams, live the widespread race of water spirits. These last, beneath resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky can shine with its sun and stars, inhabit a region of light and beauty; lofty coral-trees glow with blue and crimson fruits in their gardens; they walk over the pure sand of the sea, among exquisitely variegated shells, and amid whatever of beauty the old world possessed, such as the present is no more worthy to enjoy,—creations which the floods covered with their secret veils of silver; and now these noble monuments sparkle below, stately and solemn, and bedewed by the water, which loves them, and calls forth from their crevices delicate moss-flowers and inwreathing tufts of sedge.

"Now, the nation that dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, for the most part more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to catch a view of a delicate maiden of the waters, while she was floating and singing upon the deep. He would then spread far the fame of her beauty; and to such wonderful females men are wont to give the name of Undines.—But what need of saying more? You, my dear husband, now actually behold an Undine before you."

The knight would have persuaded himself that his lovely wife was under the influence of one of her odd whims, and that she was only amusing herself and him by her extravagant inventions. He wished it might be so. But with whatever emphasis he said this to himself, he still could not credit the hope for a moment: a strange shivering shot through his soul; unable to utter a word, he gazed upon the sweet speaker with a fixed eye. She shook her head in distress, sighed from her full heart, and then proceeded in the following manner:—

"We should be far superior to you, who are another race of the human family,—for we also call ourselves human beings, as we resemble them in form and features,—had we not one evil peculiar to ourselves. Both we and the beings I have mentioned as inhabiting the other elements vanish into air at death and go out of existence, spirit and body, so that no vestige of us remains; and when you hereafter awake to a purer state of being, we shall remain where sand and sparks and wind and waves remain. Thus, we have no souls; the element moves us, and again is obedient to our will while we live, though it scatters us like dust when we die; and as we have nothing to trouble us, we are as merry as nightingales, little gold-fishes, and other pretty children of nature.

"But all beings aspire to rise in the scale of exis-

tence higher than they are. It was therefore the wish of my father, who is a powerful water prince in the Mediterranean Sea, that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, although she should have to endure many of the sufferings of those who share that gift.

"Now, the race to which I belong have no other means of obtaining a soul than by forming with an individual of your own the most intimate union of love. I am now possessed of a soul, and my soul thanks you, my best beloved, and never shall cease to thank you, if you do not render my whole future life miserable. For what will become of me, if you avoid and reject me? Still, I would not keep you as my own by artifice. And should you decide to cast me off, then do it now, and return alone to the shore. I will plunge into this brook, where my uncle will receive me; my uncle who here in the forest, far removed from his other friends, passes his strange and solitary existence. But he is powerful, as well as revered and beloved by many great rivers; and as he brought me hither to the fisherman a light-hearted and laughing child, he will take me home to my parents a woman, gifted with a soul, with power to love and to suffer."

She was about to add something more, when Huldbrand with the most heartfelt tenderness and love clasped her in his arms, and again bore her back to the shore. There amid tears and kisses he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than Pygmalion, for whom Venus gave life to his beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beloved wife. Supported by his arm, and in the confidence of affection, Undine returned to the cottage; and now she first realized with her whole heart how little cause she had for regretting what she had left—the crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Benjamin Franklin, born in Boston, 1706; died in Philadelphia, 1790. This American has taken his place in the galaxy of great men as the most versatile genius of all times. He was editor, author, scientist, inventor, public benefactor, diplomat, statesman and philosopher. In each and every rôle he displayed unique powers of mind; and the sum total of his work and influence was greatly to improve human conditions and promote human happiness. He served his country in office fifty-three years. His writings, especially those on scientific subjects, gave Europe its best impressions of American literary possibilities; and probably no other native of this country ever stood higher in the estimation of European statesmen and thinkers. Franklin's writings will never become obsolete.

FRANKLIN GOES TO PHILADELPHIA

(From "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin")

THE inclination I had had for the sea was by this time done away, or I might now have gratified it. But having another profession and conceiving myself a pretty good workman, I offered my services to a printer of the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but had removed thence in consequence of a quarrel with the governor, George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do and hands enough already; but he said, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was

one hundred miles further. I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea. In crossing the bay we met a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, preventing our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking I reached through the water to his shock pate and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desired I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, copper cuts, a dress better that I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John was the first that I know of who mixed narration and dialogue: a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, admitted into the company and present at the conversation. Defoe has imitated him successfully in his "Robinson Crusoe," in his "Moll Flanders," and other pieces; and Richardson has done the same in his "Pamela," etc.

On approaching the island we found it was in a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surge on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor and swung out our cable toward the shore. Some people came down to the shore and hallooed to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high and the surge so loud that we could not understand each other. There were some small boats near the shore, and we made signs and called to them to fetch us; but they either did not comprehend us

or it was impracticable, so they went off. Night approaching, we had no remedy but to have patience till the wind abated, and in the mean time the boatmen and myself concluded to sleep if we could; and so we crowded into the hatches, where we joined the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray, breaking over the head of our boat, leaked through to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without vituals or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sailed on being salt. In the evening I found myself very feverish and went to bed; but having read somewhere that cold water drunk plentifully was good for fever, I followed the prescription and sweat plentifully most of the night. My fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to go to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish I had never left home. I made so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway indentured servant and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded next day and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshments, and finding I had read a little, became very obliging and friendly. Our acquaintance continued all the rest of his life. He had been, I imagine, an ambulatory quack

doctor, for there was no town in England nor any country in Europe of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but he was an infidel, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to turn the Bible into doggerel verse, as Cotton had formerly done with Virgil. By this means he set many facts in a ridiculous light, and might have done mischief with weak minds if his work had been published; but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and arrived the next morning at Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday. Wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought some ginger-bread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She proposed to lodge me till a passage by some boat occurred. I accepted her offer, being much fatigued by travel on foot. Understanding I was a printer, she would have had me remain in that town and follow my business, being ignorant what stock was necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good-will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going toward Philadelphia with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it and would row no further; the others knew not where we were, so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the com-

pany knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty, from being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one nor where to look for lodgings. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, when I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made at Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I

went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and coming round found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I then walked down toward the river, and looking in the face of every one, I met a young Quaker man whose countenance pleased me, and accosting him requested he would tell me where a stranger could get a lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," said he, "is a house where they receive strangers; but it is not a reputable one. If thee wilt walk with me I'll show thee a better one," and he conducted me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. There I got a dinner, and while I was eating, several questions were asked me, as from my youth and appearance I was suspected of being a runaway.

After dinner, my host having shown me to a bed, I laid myself on it without undressing and slept till six in the evening, when I was called to supper. I went to bed again very early and slept very soundly till next morning. Then I dressed myself as neat as I could and went to Andrew Bradford, the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who perhaps might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," said Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business: perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing-stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do. And taking old Bradford, whom he had never seen before, to be one of the townspeople that had a good-will for him, entered into conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business in his own hands, drew him on, by artful questions and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what influence he relied on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one was a crafty old sophister and the other a true novice. Brandford

left me with Keimer, who was greatly surprised when I told him who the old man was.

The printing-house, I found, consisted of an old damaged press and a small, worn-out font of English types, which he was using himself, composing an "Elegy" on Aquila Rose, before mentioned; an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, secretary to the Assembly, and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to *write* them, for his method was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. There being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the "Elegy" probably requiring all the letter, no one could help him. I endeavored to put his press (which he had not yet used and of which he understood nothing) into order to be worked with; and promising to come and print off his "Elegy" as soon as he should have got it ready. I returned to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after Keimer sent for me to print off the "Elegy." And now had got another pair of cases and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it and was very illiterate, and Keimer, though something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of press-work. He had been one of the French prophets and could act their enthusiastic agitations. At his time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion; was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I worked with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr.

Read's, before mentioned, who was the the owner of his house; and my chest of clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly, and gained money by my industry and frugality. I lived very contented and forgot Boston as much as I could, and did not wish it to be known where I resided except to my friend Collins, who was in the secret and kept it faithfully. At length, however, an incident happened that occasioned my return home much sooner than I had intended. I had a brother-in-Law, Robert Holmes, master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware. He being at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, and hearing of me, wrote me a letter mentioning the grief of my relations and friends in Boston at my abrupt departure, assuring me of their good-will to me, and that everything would be accommodated to my mind if I would return, to which he entreated me earnestly. I wrote an answer to his letter, thanked him for his advice, but stated my reasons for quitting Boston so fully and in such a light as to convince him that I was not so much in the wrong as he had apprehended.

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was then at Newcastle, and Captain Holmes, happening to be in company with him when my letter came to hand, spoke to him of me and showed him the letter. The governor read it and seemed surprised when he was told my age. He said I appeared a young man of promising parts and therefore should be encouraged; the printers at Philadelphia

were wretched ones, and if I set up there he made no doubt I should succeed; for his part he would procure me the public business and do me every other service in his power. This my brother-in-law Holmes afterwards told me in Boston, but I knew as yet nothing of it; when one day Keimer and I, being at work together near the window, we saw the governor and another gentleman (who proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle, in the province of Delaware), finely dressed, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door.

Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him; but the governor inquired for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unused to made me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blamed me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised and Keimer started with astonishment. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern at the corner of Third Street, and over the Madeira he proposed my setting up my business. He stated the probabilities of my success, and both he and Colonel French assured me I should have their interest and influence to obtain for me the public business of both governments. And as I expressed doubts that my father would assist me in it, Sir William said he would give me a letter to him, in which he would set forth the advantages, and he did not doubt he should determine him to comply. So it was concluded I should return to Boston by the first vessel, with the governor's letter, to my father. In the meantime it was to be kept a secret, and I went on working with Keimer as usual. The governor sent for me now and then to dine with him,

which I considered a great honor, more particularly as he conversed with me in a most affable, familiar, and friendly manner.

About the end of April, 1724, a little vessel offered for Boston. I took leave of Keimer as going to see my friends. The governor gave me an ample letter, saying many flattering things of me to my father and strongly recommending the project of my setting up at Philadelphia as a thing that would make my fortune. We struck on a shoal in going down the bay and sprung a leak; we had a blustering time at sea and were obliged to pump almost continually, at which I took my turn. We arrived safe, however, at Boston in about a fortnight. I had been absent seven months, and my friends had heard nothing of me, for my brother James was not yet returned and had not written about me. My unexpected appearance surprised the family; all were, however, very glad to see me and made me welcome except my brother. I went to see him at his printing-house. I was better dressed than ever while in his service, having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lined with near five pounds sterling in silver. He received me not very frankly, looked me all over, and turned to his work again.

The journeymen were inquisitive where I had been, what sort of a country it was, and how I liked it. I praised it much and the happy life I led in it, expressing strongly my intention of returning to it; and one of them asking what kind of money we had there, I produced a handful of silver and spread it before them, which was a kind of *raree-show* they had not been used to, paper being the money of Boston. Then I took an opportunity of letting them see my watch; and lastly (my brother still grum and sullen) gave them a dollar to drink and took my leave. This visit of mine

offended him extremely. For when my mother some time after spoke to him of a reconciliation and of her wish to see us on good terms together, and that we might live for the future as brothers, he said I had insulted him in such a manner before his people that he could never forget or forgive it. In this, however, he was mistaken.

My father received the governor's letter with some surprise, but said little of it to me for some time. Captain Holmes returning, he showed it to him and asked him if he knew Sir William Keith, and what kind of a man he was; adding that he must be of small discretion to think of setting a youth up in business who wanted three years to arrive at man's estate. Holmes said what he could in favor of the project, but my father was decidedly against it and at last gave a flat denial. He wrote a civil letter to Sir William, thanking him for the patronage he had so kindly offered me, and declined to assist me as yet in setting up, I being, in his opinion, too young to be trusted with the management of an undertaking so important, and for which the preparation required a considerable expenditure.

My *old* companion Collins, who was a clerk in the post-office, pleased with the account I gave him of new country, determined to go thither also; and while I waited for my father's determination, he set out before me by land to Rhode Island, leaving his books, which were a pretty collection in mathematics and natural philosophy, to come with mine and me to New York, where he proposed to wait for me.

My father, though he did not approve Sir William's proposition, was yet pleased that I had been able to obtain so advantageous a character from a person of such note where I had resided, and that I had been so industrious and careful as to equip

myself so handsomely in so short a time; therefore, seeing no prospect of an accommodation between my brother and me, he gave his consent to my returning again to Philadelphia, advised me to behave respectfully to the people there, endeavor to obtain the general esteem and avoid lampooning and libelling, to which he thought I had too much inclination; telling me that by steady industry and prudent parsimony I might save enough by the time I was twenty-one to set me up, and that if I came near the matter he would help me out with he rest. This was all I could obtain, except some small gifts as tokens of his and my mother's love, when I embarked again for New York, now with their approbation and their blessing.

The sloop putting in at Newport, Rhode Island, I visited my brother John, who had been married and settled there some years. He received me very affectionately, for he always loved me. A friend of his, one Vernon, having some money due to him in Pennsylvania, about thirty-five pounds currency, desired I would recover it for him and keep it till I had his directions what to employ it in. Accordingly he gave me an order to receive it. This business afterward occasioned me a good deal of uneasiness.

At Newport we took in a number of passengers, among whom were two young women traveling together and a sensible, matron-like Quaker lady, with her servants. I had shown an obliging disposition to render her some little services, which probably impressed her with sentiments of good-will toward me, for when she witnessed the daily growing familiarity between the young women and myself, which they appeared to encourage, she took me aside and said: "Young man, I am concerned for thee, as thou hast no friend with thee and seems not to know much of the world or of the

snares youth is exposed to. Depend upon it, these are very bad women: I can see it by all their actions; and if thee art not upon thy guard they will draw thee into some danger; they are strangers to thee, and I advise thee, in a friendly concern for thy welfare, to have no acquaintance with them." As I seemed at first not to think so ill of them as she did, she mentioned some things she had observed and heard that had escaped my notice, but now convinced me she was right. I thanked her for her kind advice and promised to follow it. When we arrived at New York they told me where they lived, and invited me to come and see them, but I avoided it; and it was well I did, for the next day the captain missed a silver spoon and some other things that had been taken out of his cabin, and knowing that these were a couple of strumpets, he got a warrant to search their lodgings, found the stolen goods, and had the thieves punished. So though we had escaped a sunken rock, which we scraped upon in the passage, I thought this escape of rather more importance to me.

At New York I found my friend Collins, who had arrived there some time before me. We had been intimate from children and had read the same books together, but he had the advantage of more time for reading and studying and a wonderful genius for mathematical learning, in which he far outstripped me. While I lived in Boston, most of my hours of leisure for conversation were spent with him, and he continued a sober as well as industrious lad, was much respected for his learning by several of the clergy and other gentlemen, and seemed to promise making a good figure in life. But during my absence he had acquired a habit of drinking brandy, and I found by his own account, as well as that of others, that he had been drunk every day since his arrival at New York, and be-

haved himself in a very extravagant manner. He had gamed, too, and lost his money, so that I was obliged to discharge his lodgings and defray his expenses on the road and at Philadelphia, which proved a great burden to me.

The then Governor of New York, Burnet (son of Bishop Burnet), hearing from the captain that one of the passengers had a great many books on board, desired him to bring me to see him. I waited on him, and should have taken Collins with me had he been sober. The governor received me with great civility, showed me his library, which was a considerable one, and we had a good deal of conversation relative to books and authors. This was the second governor who had done me the honor to take notice of me, and for a poor boy like me it was very pleasing.

We proceeded to Philadelphia. I received in the way Vernon's money, without which we could hardly have finished our journey. Collins wished to be employed in some counting-house; but whether they discovered his dram-drinking by his breath or by his behavior, though he had some recommendations he met with no success in any application, and continued lodging and boarding at the same house with me, and at my expense. Knowing I had that money of Vernon's he was continually borrowing of me, still promising repayment as soon as he should be in business. At length he had got so much of it that I was distressed to think what I should do in case of being called on to remit it.

His drinking continued, about which we sometimes quarreled, for when a little intoxicated he was very irritable. Once in a boat on the Delaware, with some other young men, he refused to row in his turn. "I will be rowed home," said he. "We will not row you," said I. "You must," said he, "or stay all night on the water, just as you please." The others said, "Let us row; what signifies it?"

But, my mind being soured with his other conduct, I continued to refuse. So he swore he would make me row or throw me overboard; and coming along stepping on the thwarts toward me, when he came up and struck at me, I clapped my head under his thighs and, rising, pitched him headforemost into the river. I knew he was a good swimmer and so was under little concern about him; but before he could get round to lay hold of the boat we had with a few strokes pulled her out of his reach, and whenever he drew near the boat we asked him if he would row, striking a few strokes to slide her away from him. He was ready to stifle with vexation and obstinately would not promise to row. Finding him at last beginning to tire, we drew him into the boat and brought him home dripping wet. We hardly exchanged a civil word after this adventure. At length a West India captain, who had a commission to procure a preceptor for the sons of a gentleman at Barbadoes, met with him and proposed to carry him thither to fill that situation. He accepted, and promised to remit me what he owed me out of the first money he should receive, but I never heard of him after.

The violation of my trust respecting Vernon's money was one of the first great *errata* of my life; and this showed that my father was not much out in his judgment when he considered me too young to manage business. But Sir William, on reading his letter, said he was too prudent—that there was a great difference in persons, and discretion did not always accompany years, nor was youth always without it. "But since he will not set you up I will do it myself. Give me an inventory of the things necessary to be had from England and I will send for them. You shall repay me when you are able. I am resolved to have a good printer here, and I am sure you must succeed." This was spoken

with such an appearance of cordiality that I had not the lease doubt of his meaning what he said. I had hitherto kept the proposition of my setting up a secret in Philadelphia, and I still kept it. Had it been known that I depended on the governor, probably some friend that knew him better would have advised me not to rely on him, as I afterward heard it as his known character to be liberal of promises which he never meant to keep. Yet, unsolicited as he was by me, how could I think his generous offers insincere? I believed him one of the best men in the world.

I presented him an inventory of a little printing-house, amounting, by my computation, to about one hundred pounds sterling. He liked it, but asked me if my being on the spot in England to choose the types and see that everything was good of the kind might not be of some advantage. "Then," said he, "when there you may make acquaintance and establish correspondence in the book-selling and stationery line." I agreed that this might be advantageous. "Then," said he, "get yourself ready to go by the Annis," which was the annual ship, and the only one, at that time usually passing between London and Philadelphia. But as it would be some months before the Annis sailed I continued working with Keimer, fretting extremely about the money Collins had got from me, and in great apprehensions of being called upon for it by Vernon; this, however, did not happen for some years after.

I believe I have omitted mentioning that in my first voyage from Boston to Philadelphia, being becalmed off Block Island, our crew employed themselves in catching cod, and hauled up a great number. Till then I had stuck to my resolution to eat nothing that had had life; and on this occasion I considered, according to my master Tyron, the taking of every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder,

since none of them had done or could do us any injury that might justify this massacre. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had been formerly a great lover of fish, and when it came out of the frying-pan it smelled admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till, recollecting that when the fish were opened I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs, then, thought I, "If you eat one another I don't see why we may not eat you;" so I dined upon cod very heartily, and have since continued to eat as other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a *reasonable creature,* since it enables one to find or make a *reason* for everything one has a mind to do.

Keimer and I lived on a pretty good familiar footing and agreed tolerably well, for he suspected nothing of my setting up. He retained a great deal of his old enthusiasm and loved argumentation; we therefore had many disputations. I used to work him so with my Socratic method, and had trepanned him so often by questions apparently so distant from any point we had in hand, yet by degrees leading to the point and bringing him into difficulties and contradictions, that at last he grew ridiculously cautious, and would hardly answer me the most common question without asking first, "What do you intend to infer from that?" However, it gave him so high an opinion of my abilities in the confuting way that he seriously proposed my being his colleague in a project he had of setting up a new sect. He was to preach the doctrines and I was to confound all opponents. When he came to explain with me upon the doctrines I found several conundrums, which I objected to unless I might have my way a little too and introduce some of mine.

Keimer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere in the Mosaic law it is said, "*Thou shalt*

not mar the corners of thy beard." He likewise kept the seventh day, Sabbath; and these two points were essential with him. I disliked both, but agreed to them on condition of his adopting the doctrine of not using animal food. "I doubt," said he, "my constitution will not bear it." I assured him it would, and that he would be the better for it. He was usually a great eater, and I wished to give myself some diversion in half-starving him. He consented to try the practice if I would keep him company. I did so, and we held it for three months. Our provisions were purchased, cooked and brought to us regularly by a woman in the neighborhood, who had from me a list of forty dishes which she prepared for us at different times, in which there entered neither fish, flesh nor fowl. This whim suited me the better at this time from the cheapness of it, not costing us above eighteen pence sterling each per week. I have since kept several Lents most strictly, leaving the common diet for that, and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience; so that I think there is little in the advice of making those changes by easy gradations. I went on pleasantly, but poor Keimer suffered grievously, grew tired of the project, longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and ordered a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him, but, it being brought too soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation and ate the whole before we came.

THE WAY TO WEALTH

(From "Poor Richard's Almanack")

COURTEOUS READER: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other

learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author of almanacs annually now for a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses, and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with *as Poor Richard says* at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'a word to the wise is enough,' and 'any words won't fill a bushel,' as Poor Richard says." They all joined, desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him he proceeded as follows:

"Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, and four times as much by our FOLLY; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says in his almanac of 1733.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their TIME, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of,' as Poor Richard says.

"How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that 'the sleeping fox catches no poultry,' and that 'there will be sleeping enough in the grace,' as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, 'wasting of time must be,' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality,' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'lost time is never found again,' and what we call 'time enough! always proves little enough.' Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy,' as

Poor Richard says; and 'he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him,' as we read in Poor Richard; who adds, 'drive thy business! let not that drive thee!' and—

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish,' as Poor Richard says, and 'he that lives on hope will die fasting.' 'There are no gains without pains; then help, hands! for I have no lands'; or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. And as Poor Richard likewise observes, 'he that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor"; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, as Poor Richard says, 'at the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.'

"What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'diligence is the mother of good luck,' as Poor Richard says, and 'God gives all things to industry.'

"Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep,"

says Poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, 'one

to-day is worth two to-morrows'; and further, 'have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day!'

"If you were a servant would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? 'Be ashamed to catch yourself idle,' as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day! 'Let not the sun look down and say, "Inglorious here he lies!"' Handle your tools without mittens! remember that 'the cat in gloves catches no mice!' as Poor Richard says.

"'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for 'constant dropping wears away stones'; and 'by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable'; and 'little strokes fell great oaks'; as Poor Richard says in his almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard says, 'employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure'; and 'since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour!' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, 'a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.' Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No! for, as Poor Richard says, 'trouble springs from idleness and grevious toil from needless ease.' 'Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they'll break for want of stock' [means]; where as industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures and they'll follow you'; 'the diligent spinner has a large shift'; and

"Now I have a sheep and a cow,
Everybody bids me good-morrow."

"All which is well said by Poor Richard. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says—

"I never saw an oft-removed tree
Nor yet an oft-removed family
That throve so well as those that settled be."

"And again, 'three removes are as bad as a fire'; and again, 'keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee'; and again, 'if you would have your business done, go; if not, send.' And again—

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

"And again, 'the eye of the master will do more work than both his hands'; and again, 'want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge'; and again, 'not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.'

"Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, as the almanac says, 'in the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it'; but a man's own care is profitable; for, saith Poor Dick, 'learning is to the studious and riches to the careful'; as well as 'power to the bold' and 'heaven to the virtuous.' And further, 'if you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.'

"And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters; because sometimes 'a little neglect may breed great mischief'; adding, 'for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of

a horse the rider was lost'; being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail!

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality if we would make our industry more certainly successful. 'A man may,' if he knows not how to save as he gets, 'keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last.' 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will,' as Poor Richard says; and

"Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

If you would be wealthy, says he in another almanac, 'think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as Poor Dick says—

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the wants great."

And further, 'what maintains one vice would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, a diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little more entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what Poor Richard says, 'many a little makes a mickle'; and further, 'beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship'; and again—

"Who dainties love shall beggars prove;"

and moreover, 'fools make feasts and wise men eat them.'

"Here are you all got together at this vendue of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause awhile.' He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real; or the bargain by straightening thee in thy business may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.'

"Again, Poor Richard says, ''tis foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance'; and yet this folly is practiced every day at vendues for want of minding the almanac.

"'Wise men,' as Poor Richard says, 'learn by others' harms; fools scarcely by their own'; but *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.** Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back has gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. 'Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets,' as Poor Richard says, 'put out the kitchen fire.' These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says, 'for one poor person there are a hundred indigent.'

"By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who,

*He's a lucky fellow who is made prudent by other men's perils.

through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that "a plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, "'tis day and will never be night"; that 'a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding' (a child and a fool, as Poor Richard says, imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent); but 'always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom.' Then, as Poor Dick says, 'when the well's dry they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some'; for 'he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing,' and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again.

"Poor Dick further advises and says:

"Fond pride of dress is, sure, a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, 'pride is as loud a beggar as want and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "'tis easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.' And 'tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"Great estates may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

"'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for 'pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt,' as Poor

Richard says. And in another place, 'pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.'

"And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

> "What is a butterfly? At best
> He's but a caterpillar drest,
> The gaudy fop's his picture just,

as poor Richard says.

"But what madness must it be to run into debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this vendue six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity and sink into base, downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, 'the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt'; and again, to the same purpose, 'lying rides upon debt's back'; whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. ''Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright!' as Poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that prince or the government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are

free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail for life or to sell you for a servant if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but 'creditors,' Poor Richard tells us, 'have better memories than debtors'; and in another place says, 'creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes around before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long will, as it lessens, appears extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent,' saith Poor Richard, 'who owe money to be paid at Easter.' Then since, as he says, 'the borrower is a slave to the lender and the debtor to the creditor,' disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain yor independency. Be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but—

> "For age and want, save while you may;
> No morning sun lasts a whole day."

"As Poor Richard says, 'gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever while you live expense is constant and certain;' and ''tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says; so, 'rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

"Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold,"

as Poor Richard says; and when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure, you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterward prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that'; for it is true, 'we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct,' as Poor Richard says. However, remember this: 'they that won't be counseled can't be helped,' as Poor Richard says; and further, that 'if you will not hear reason she'll surely rap your knuckles.'"

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon. For the vendue opened and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had

made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

July 7th, 1757.

MODEL OF A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION OF A PERSON YOU ARE UNACQUAINTED WITH

PARIS, April 2, 1777.

Sir—The bearer of this, who is going to America, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, though I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another equally unknown, to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend one another! As to this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and merits, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger, of whom one knows no harm, has a right to; and I request you will do him all the favor that, on further acquaintance, you shall find him to deserve. I have the honor to be, etc.

FRANKLIN AS A PRINTER

(From the "Autobiography" in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers)

I NOW began to think of getting a little money beforehand, and expecting better work, I left Palmer's to work at Watts's, near Lincoln's Inn

Fields, a still greater printing-house. Here I continued all the rest of my stay in London.

At my first admission into this printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where presswork is mixed with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the *Water American*, as they called me, was *stronger* than themselves, who drank *strong* beer! We had an alehouse boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint a dinner, and a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be strong to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or the flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts after some weeks desiring to have me in the composing room, I left the pressmen: a new *bien venu* or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it

an imposition, as I had paid below: the master thought so too, and forbade my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of the room,—and all ascribed to the chapel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted,—that notwithstanding my master's protection I found myself obliged to comply and pay the money, convinced of the folly of being in ill terms with those one is to live continually.

I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquired considerable influence. I proposed some reasonable alterations in their chapel laws, and carried them against all opposition. From my example, a great part of them left their muddling breakfast of beer and bread and cheese, finding they could with me be supplied from a neighboring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel sprinkled with pepper, crumbed with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer—viz., three half-pence. This was a more comfortable as well as cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with beer all day were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and used to make interest with me to get beer; their *light,* as they phrased it, *being out.* I watched the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their account. This, and my being esteemed a pretty good *rigite,*—that is, a jocular verbal satirist,—supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a St. Monday) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon all work of

dispatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.

RULES OF HEALTH

(From "Poor Richard's Almanack," 1742)

EAT and drink such an exact quantity as the constitution of thy body allows of, in reference to the services of the mind.

They that study much ought not to eat as much as those that work hard, their digestion being not so good.

The exact quantity and quality being found out, is to be kept to constantly.

Excess in all other things whatever, as well as in meat and drink, is also to be avoided.

Youth, age, and sick require a different quantity.

And so do those of contrary complexions; for that which is too much for a phlegmatic man, is not sufficient for a choleric.

The measure of food ought to be (as much as possibly may be) exactly proportionable to the quality and condition of the stomach, because the stomach digests it.

That quantity that is sufficient, the stomach can perfectly concoct and digest, and it sufficeth the due nourishment of the body.

A greater quantity of some things may be eaten than of others, some being of lighter digestion than others.

The difficulty lies in finding out an exact measure; but eat for necessity, not pleasure: for lust knows not where necessity ends.

Wouldst thou enjoy a long life, a healthy body, and a vigorous mind, and be acquainted also with the wonderful works of God, labor in the first place to bring thy appetite to reason.

THE ART OF VIRTUE

(From the "Autobiography" in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works. G. P. Putnam's Sons Publishers)

WE have an English proverb that says, "He that would thrive must ask his wife." It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought *her* husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and china in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian: and though some of the dogmas of that persuasion, such as *the eternal decrees of God, election, reprobation,* etc., appeared to me unintelligible, others doubtful, and I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect (Sunday being my studying day). I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the ex-

istence of the Deity; that He made the world, and governed it by His Providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteemed the essentials of every religion; and being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, though with different degrees of respect, as I found them more or less mixed with other articles, which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, served principally to divide us and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induced me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion; and as our province increased in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the sect, was never refused.

Though I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety, and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He used to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations; and I was now and then prevailed on to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments, or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced; their aim seeming to be

rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens.

At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue or any praise, think on these things." And I imagined, in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confined himself to five points only, as meant by the Apostle, viz.:— 1. Keeping holy the Sabbath day. 2. Being diligent in reading the holy Scriptures. 3. Attending duly the public worship. 4. Partaking of the sacrament. 5. Paying a due respect to God's ministers. These might be all good things; but as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more. I had some years before composed a little liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use (viz., in 1728), entitled "Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion." I returned to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blamable, but I leave it, without attempting further to excuse it; my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. . . .

I made a little book in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for

the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

And conceiving God to be the fountain of wisdom, I thought it right and necessary to solicit His assistance for obtaining it; to this end I formed the following little prayer, which was prefixed to my tables of examination, for daily use:—

"O powerful goodness! bountiful Father! merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolutions to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual favors to me."

I used also sometimes a little prayer which I took from Thomson's Poems, viz.:—

"Father of light and life, thou Good supreme!
O teach me what is good; teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit; and fill my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

I entered upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continued it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults that I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish.

My scheme of *Order* gave me the most trouble; and I found that though it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to leave him the

disposition of his time,—that of a journeyman printer, for instance,—it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own hours. *Order,* too, with regard to place for things, papers, etc., I found extremely difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it; and having an exceedingly good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore, cost me so much painful attention, and my faults in it vexed me so much, and I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that respect; like the man who in buying an ax of a smith, my neighbor, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel; he turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the ax hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his ax as it was without farther grinding. "No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by-and-by; as yet, it is only speckled." "Yes," says the man, "*but I think I like a speckled ax best.*" And I believe this may have been the case with many who, having for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle and concluded that "*a speckled ax was best*": for something that pretended to be reason was every now and then suggesting to me that such extreme nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which if it were known would make me ridiculous: that a perfect character

might be attended with the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But on the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, though they never reach the wished-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavor, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible.

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life down to his 79th year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country, and the honorable employs it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his company still sought for, and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance.

I hope therefore that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

It will be remarked that though my scheme was not wholly without religion, there was in it no mark of any of the distinguishing tents of any particular sect. I had purposely avoided them; for being fully persuaded of the utility and excellency of my method, and that it might be serviceable to people in all religions, and intending some time or other to publish it, I would not have anything in it that should prejudice any one of any sect against it.

In this piece it was my design to explain and enforce this doctrine: that vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful, the nature of man alone considered; that it was therefore every one's interest to be virtuous, who wished to be happy even in this world; and I should from this circumstance (there being always in the world a number of rich merchants, nobility, States, and princes who have need of honest instruments for the management of their affairs, and such being so rare) have endeavored to convince young persons that no qualities were so likely to make a poor man's fortune as those of probity and integrity.

My list of virtues contained at first but twelve; but a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud; that my pride showed itself frequently in conversation; that I was not content with being in the right when discussing any point, but was overbearing and insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances;—I determined endeavoring to cure myself, if I could, of this vice or folly among the rest, and I added *Humility* to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good deal with

regard to the *appearance* of it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbid myself, agreeably to the old laws of our Junto, the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fixed opinion, such as *certainly, undoubtedly,* etc., and I adopted, instead of them, I *conceive,* I *apprehend,* or I *imagine* a thing to be so or so; or it *so appears to me at present.* When another asserted something that I thought an error, I denied myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there *appeared* or *seemed* to me some difference, etc. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy and so habitual to me, that perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens when I proposed new institutions, or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language: and yet I generally carried my points.

In reality, there is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as *Pride*. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it perhaps often in this history; for even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility.

EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT,
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING),
LIES HERE FOOD FOR WORMS;
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW
AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

James Anthony Froude, English historian, son of Archdeacon Froude, was born at Dortington rectory in Devonshire in 1818; died 1894. He graduated from Ariel College, Oxford, after obtaining a chancellor's prize for an English essay. His religious views led him toward the ministry, but he decided that his real field was literature. He wrote for *Fraser's Magazine,* and the *Westminster Review.* In 1856 he published the first volumes of his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada." His short studies on "Great Subjects" is a collection of his contributions to periodicals. He was positive in his views and dealt harshly with historical characters that did not appeal to him. Henry VIII was defended with spirit in his history.

EARLY CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII

(From the History of England. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers)

IF Henry VIII had died previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen the country; and he would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of that of the Black Prince or the conqueror of Agincourt. Left at the most trying age, with his character unformed, with the means at his disposal of gratifying every inclination, and married by his ministers when a boy to an unattractive woman far his senior, he had lived for thirty-six years almost without blame, and bore

through England the reputation of an upright and virtuous king. Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unfailing vigor by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigor of purpose. In addition to this he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the Archbishopric of Canterbury: as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have

studied theology with the full maturity of his intellect; and he had a fixed and perhaps unfortunate interest in the subject itself.

In all directions of human activity Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industrious culture. He was "attentive," as it is called, "to his religious duties," being present at the services in chapel two or three times a day with unfailing regularity, and showing to outward appearance a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private he was good-humored and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate; inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment.

As a ruler he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had substantially acted out his own theory of his duty which was expressed in the following words:

"Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects, and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth unto the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws; and to provide and care for them

that all things necessary for them may be plenteous; and that the people and commonweal may increase; and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without; and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear benignly their complaints; and to show towards them, although they offend, fatherly pity. And, finally, so to correct them that be evil, that they had yet rather save them than lose them if it were not for respect of justice, and maintenance of peace and good order in the commonweal." [Exposition of the Commandments, set forth by Royal Authority, 1536. This treatise was drawn up by the bishops, and submitted to, and revised by, the king. These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. His social administration we have partially seen in the previous chapter [Ch. I.]. He had more than once been tried with insurrection, which he had soothed down without bloodshed, and extinguished in forgiveness; and London long recollected the great scene which followed "evil May-day," 1517, when the apprentices were brought down to Westminster Hall to receive their pardons. There had been a dangerous riot in the streets, which might have provoked a mild government to severity; but the king contented himself with punishing the five ringleaders, and four hundred other prisoners, after being paraded down the streets in white shirts with halters round their necks, were dismissed with an admonition, Wolsey weeping as he pronounced it.

It is certain that if, as I have said, he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like that Roman Emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset,* would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the

Reformation, and his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it, when interpreting his later actions. Not many men would have borne themselves through the same trials with the same integrity; but the circumstances of those trials had not tested the true defects in his moral constitution. Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of a most intense and imperious will. His impulses, in general nobly directed, had never known contradiction; and late in life, when his character was formed, he was forced into collision with difficulties with which the experience of discipline had not fitted him to contend. Education had done much for him, but his nature required more correction than his position had permitted, whilst unbroken prosperity and early independence of control had been his most serious misfortune. He had capacity, if his training had been equal to it, to be one of the greatest of men. With all his faults about him, he was still perhaps the greatest of his contemporaries; and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England, had been set to do it by the conditions of his birth.

A FORGOTTEN HERO

(From "Short Studies on Great Subjects")

SOME two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbors in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the manor-house of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within

a stone's-throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset. And here, in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbors, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present, we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humfrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him, as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea-cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness;" inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage, and studying the necessity of his country,

and discovering the remedies for them in colonization and extended markets for home manufactures. Gilbert was examined before the queen's majesty and the privy-council, and the record of his examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and that America therefore is necessarily an island. The Gulf-stream, which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile,* is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the south, Gilbert believing, in common with almost everyone of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, and the land to the south was unbroken to the pole. He prophesies a market in the East for our manufactured linen and calicoes:—

"The Easterns greatly prizing the same, as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the colored clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure."

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humfrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them; but we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him:—

"Never, therefore, mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.

"Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honor, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame or virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno.*"

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help of mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which, more or less, great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45 degrees to 50 degrees north—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favor, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition, it is more remarkable for fine writing than any very commendable thought in the author. But Sir Humfrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight*, 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (this ship deserted off

the Land's End); the *Golden Hinde* and the *Swallow*, 40 tons each; and the *Squirrel*, which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters we may add, that in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

"We were in all," says Mr. Hayes, "260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurement of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris-dancers, hobby-horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people."

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of, and a colony left there; and Sir Humfrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little ten-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde*, and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbors, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August—

"The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also

winding the cornets and haut-boys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells."

Two days after came the storm; the *Delight* struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humfrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her—at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter, he was never to need them. The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humfrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

"So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion, to our seeming, in shape, hair, and color; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bid us farewell, coming right against the *Hinde,* he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld, so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the

general himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *Bonum Omen,* rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil."

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil, men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labor for God and for right they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we were to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea-lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humfrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward. The 2d of September the general came on board the *Golden Hinde* "to make merry with us." He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers, but he was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. Apocryphal gold mines still occupying the minds of Mr. Hayes and others, they were persuaded that Sir Humfrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, and they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, of his odd, ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humfrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs.

"Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the

gold)," continues Mr. Hayes, "to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our general, and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master, and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—'I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'"

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise." Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our main-yard an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux."

"Monday the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long enough after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, 'The general was cast away,' which was too true.

"Thus faithfully," concludes Mr. Hayes, in some degree rising above himself, "I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear, he

remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these north-western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humors which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavory and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

"Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the divine will to resume him unto himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired.'

Such was Sir Humfrey Gilbert, still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries: but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion ! We have glimpses of him a few years earlier, when he won his spurs in Ireland—won them by deeds which to us seem terrible in their ruthlessness, but which won the applause of Sir Henry Sidney as too high for praise or even reward. Checkered like all of us with lines of light and darkness, he was, nevertheless, one of a race which has ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

THE DEATH OF THOMAS BECKET

(From "Short Studies on Great Subjects")

THE knights were introduced. They advanced. The archbishop neither spoke nor looked at them, but continued talking to a monk who was next him. He himself was sitting on a bed. The rest of the party present were on the floor. The knights seated themselves in the same manner, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Becket's black, restless eye glanced from one to the other. He slightly noticed Tracy; and Fitzurse said a few unrecorded sentences to him, which ended with "God help you!" To Becket's friends the words sounded like insolence. They may have meant no more than pity for the deliberate fool who was forcing destruction upon himself.

Becket's face flushed. Fitzurse went on, "We bring you the commands of the King beyond the sea; will you hear us in public or in private?" Becket said he cared not. "In private, then," said Fitzurse. The monks thought afterwards that Fitzurse had meant to kill the archbishop where he sat. If the knights had entered the palace, thronged as it was with men, with any such intention, they would scarcely have left their swords behind them. The room was cleared, and a short altercation followed, of which nothing is known save that it ended speedily in high words on both sides. Becket called in his clergy again, his lay servants being excluded, and bade Fitzurse go on. "Be it so," Sir Reginald said. "Listen then, to what the King says. When the peace was made, he put aside all his complaints against you. He allowed you to return, as you desired, free to your see. You have now added contempt to your other offenses. You have broken the

treaty. You have allowed your pride to tempt you to defy your lord and master to your own sorrow. You have censured the bishops by whose administration the Prince was crowned. You have pronounced an anathema against the King's ministers, by whose advice he is guided in the management of the empire. You have made it plain that if you could you would take the Prince's crown from him. Your plots and contrivances to attain your ends are notorious to all men. Say, then, will you attend us to the King's presence, and there answer for yourself? For this we are sent."

The archbishop declared that he had never wished any hurt to the Prince. The King had no occasion to be displeased if crowds came about him in the towns and cities, after having been so long deprived of his presence. If he had done any wrong he would make satisfaction, but he protested against being suspected of intentions which had never entered his mind.

Fitzurse did not enter into an altercation with him, but continued:—"The King commands further that you and your clerks repair without delay to the young King's presence, and swear allegiance, and promise to amend your faults."

The archbishop's temper was fast rising. "I will do whatever may be reasonable," he said, "but I tell you plainly, the King shall have no oaths from me, nor from any one of my clergy. There has been too much perjury already. I have absolved many, with God's help, who had perjured themselves. I will absolve the rest when he permits."

"I understand you to say that you will not obey," said Fitzurse, and went on in the same tone:—"The King commands you to absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated without his permission" (*absque licentiâ suâ*).

"The Pope sentenced the bishops," the archbishop

said. "If you are not pleased, you must go to him. The affair is none of mine."

Fitzurse said it had been done at his instigation, which he did not deny; but he proceeded to reassert that the King had given his permission. He had complained at the time of the peace of the injury which he had suffered in the coronation, and the King had told him that he might obtain from the Pope any satisfaction for which he liked to ask.

If this was all the consent which the King had given, the pretense of his authority was inexcusable. Fitzurse could scarce hear the archbishop out with patience. "Ay, ay!" said he; "will you make the King out to be a traitor, then? The King gave you leave to excommunicate the bishops when they were acting by his own order! It is more than we can bear to listen to such monstrous accusations."

John of Salisbury tried to check the archbishop's imprudent tongue, and whispered to him to speak to the knights in private; but when the passion was on him, no mule was more ungovernable than Becket. Drawing to a conclusion, Fitzurse said to him:—"Since you refuse to do any one of those things which the King requires of you, his final commands are that you and your clergy shall forthwith depart out of this realm and out of his dominions, never more to return. You have broken the peace, and the King cannot trust you again."

Becket answered wildly that he would not go—never again would he leave England. Nothing but death should now part him from his church. Stung by the reproach of ill-faith, he poured out the catalogue of his own injuries. He had been promised restoration, and instead of restoration he had been robbed and insulted. Ranulf de Broc had laid an embargo on his wine. Robert de Broc had cut off his mule's tail; and now the knights had come to menace him.

De Morville said that if he had suffered any wrong he had only to appeal to the Council, and justice would be done.

Becket did not wish for the Council's justice. "I have complained enough," he said; "so many wrongs are daily heaped upon me that I could not find messengers to carry the tale of them. I am refused access to the court. Neither one king nor the other will do me right. I will endure it no more. I will use my own powers as archbishop, and no child of man shall prevent me."

"You will lay the realm under interdict, then, and excommunicate the whole of us?" said Fitzurse.

"So God help me," said one of the others, "he shall not do that. He has excommunicated overmany already. We have borne too long with him."

The knights sprang to their feet, twisting their gloves and swinging their arms. The archbishop rose. In the general noise words could no longer be accurately heard. At length the knights moved to leave the room, and addressing the archbishop's attendants, said, "In the King's name we command you to see that this man does not escape."

"Do you think I shall fly, then?" cried the archbishop. "Neither for the King nor for any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die. . . . Here you will find me," he shouted, following them to the door as they went out, and calling after them. Some of his friends thought that he had asked De Morville to come back and speak quietly with him, but it was not so. He returned to his seat, still excited and complaining.

"My lord," said John of Salisbury to him, "it is strange that you will never be advised. What occasion was there for you to go after these men and exasperate them with your bitter speeches? You would have done better, surely, by being quiet and

giving them a milder answer. They mean no good, and you only commit yourself."

The archbishop sighed, and said, "I have done with advice. I know what I have before me."

It was four o'clock when the knights entered. It was now nearly five; and unless there were lights the room must have been almost dark. Beyond the archbishop's chamber was an anteroom, beyond the anteroom the hall. The knights, passing through the hall into the quadrangle, and thence to the lodge, called their men to arms. The great gate was closed. A mounted guard was stationed outside, with orders to allow no one to go out or in. The knights threw off their cloaks and buckled on their swords. This was the work of a few minutes. From the cathedral tower the vesper bell was beginning to sound. The archbishop had seated himself to recover from the agitation of the preceding scene, when a breathless monk rushed in to say that the knights were arming. "Who cares? Let them arm," was all that the archbishop said. His clergy was less indifferent. If the archbishop was ready for death, they were not. The door from the hall into the court was closed and barred, and a short respite was thus secured. The intention of the knights, it may be presumed, was to seize the archbishop and carry him off to Saltwood or to De Morville's castle at Knaresborough, or perhaps to Normandy. Coming back to execute their purpose, they found themselves stopped by the hall door. To burst it open would require time; the anteroom between the hall and the archbishop's apartments opened by an oriel window and an outside stair into a garden. Robert de Broc, who knew the house well, led the way to it in the dark. The steps were broken, but a ladder was standing against the window, by which the knights mounted, and the crash of the falling casement told the fluttered group about the archbishop that their enemies were

upon them. There was still a moment. The party who entered by the window, instead of turning into the archbishop's room, first went into the hall to open the door and admit their comrades. From the archbishop's room a second passage, little used, opened into the northwest corner of the cloister, and from the cloister there was a way into the north transept of the cathedral. The cry was "To the church! To the church!" There at least there would be immediate safety.

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear; or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately to the door into the south transept. His train was scattered behind him, all along the cloister from the passage leading out of the palace. As he entered the church, cries were heard, from which it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville, and Le Breton were discerned in the dim light, coming through the cloister in their armor, with drawn swords, and axes in their left hands. A company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing, a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel

of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running of course parallel to the nave, was a Lady chapel. Behind the pillar, steps led up into the choir, where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels; of light from without through the windows at that hour there could have been none. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door and barred it. "What do you fear?" he cried in a clear, loud voice. "Out of the way, you coward! the Church of God must not be made a fortress." He stepped back and reopened the door with his own hands, to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out among the wolves. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary, in the crypt, in the galleries, or behind the tombs. All, or almost all, even of his closest friends,—William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury himself,—forsook him to shift for themselves, admitting frankly that they were unworthy of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton his old master, and Edward Grim, the stranger from Cambridge,—or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who stayed, and was the only one certainly who showed any sign of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir, when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it

from candles in the Lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc, and Hugh Mauclerc, another apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried, "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him. "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the suspensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered; "I will not." "Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said.

They had not meant to kill him—certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man." There was still time; with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed him in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me."

The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized him, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. "Touch me not, thou abominable wretch!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!" Le Breton

and Fitzurse grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. Fitzurse, stung by the foul epithet which Becket had thrown at him, swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword with its remaining force wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly, with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for his Church." These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William." De Broc or Mauclerc—the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them—strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history. Was Becket a martyr, or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign? Even in that supreme moment of terror and wonder, opinions were divided among his own monks. That very night Grim heard one of them say, "He is no martyr, he is justly served." Another said—scarcely feeling, perhaps, the meaning of the words,—"He

wished to be king and more than king. Let him be king, let him be king." Whether the cause for which he died was to prevail, or whether the sacrifice had been in vain, hung on the answer which would be given to this momentous question. In a few days or weeks an answer came in a form to which in that age no rejoinder was possible; and the only uncertainty which remained at Canterbury was whether it was lawful to use the ordinary prayers for the repose of the dead man's soul, or whether, in consequence of the astounding miracles which were instantly worked by his remains, the Pope's judgment ought not to be anticipated, and the archbishop ought not to be at once adored as a saint in heaven.

ÉMILE GABORIAU

Émile Gaboriau, novelist, was born at Saujon, France, in 1835; died at Paris in 1873. He tried army life and then took up a business career. He became a writer of detective stories that were as popular in France as are those of Doyle at the present time with English-speaking people. His plots were very intricate, and worked out with great elaboration. Prominent people of the day are found upon his pages, in many cases their identity being but thinly veiled. His best known works are "The Lerouge Affair," "The Slaves of Paris," "The Infernal Life," and "The Money of Others."

THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE

(From "L'Affaire Lerouge")

THE head of the police was no other than the celebrated Gévrol, who will not fail to play an important part in the drama of our nephews. He is unquestionably an able man; but he lacks perseverance, and he sometimes allows himself to be blinded by the most incredible obstinacy. If he loses a track, he cannot make up his mind to confess it, even less to retrace his steps. On the other hand, he is audacious and cool, and has never hesitated to confront the most dangerous criminals.

But his specialty, his glory, his triumph, is a memory for faces—so extraordinary as to exceed the limits of the credible. If he has seen a face for five minutes, it is done: the face is marked down. Everywhere, at any time, he will recognize it. The most impossible places, the most unlikely circum-

stances, the most incredible disguises, will not put him off the track. He says the reason is that in a man he only sees, only looks at, the eyes. He recognizes the glance, without troubling himself about the features.

His experience was tested a few months ago at Poissy. Three prisoners were draped under coverings in such a manner as to hide their figures; before their faces was put a thick veil, with holes for the eyes, and in this condition they were brought before Gévrol.

Without the slightest hesitation he recognized three of his customers, and named them.

Was it chance alone that helped him?

Gévrol's aide-de-camp on this day was a former convict, who had made his peace with the law—a clever fellow at his trade, as sharp as a needle, and jealous of his chief, whom he considered of mediocre ability. He was called Lecoq.

The justice of the peace, who began to feel his responsibility weigh upon him, welcomed the investigating judge and his two agents as his deliverers. He quickly related the facts, and read his deposition.

"You have acted very well, sir," said the judge. "All this is very clear; only there is one circumstance that you have forgotten."

"Which, sir?" asked the justice.

"Which day was the Widow Lerouge seen for the last time, and at what hour?"

"I was coming to that, sir. She was seen on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, at twenty minutes past five. She was returning from Bougival with a basket of provisions."

"You are quite sure of the time, sir?" asked Gévrol.

"Quite; and this is why. The two witnesses whose testimony convinces me—the woman Tellier and a

cooper, who live close by here—were getting out of the tramway-car which leaves Murly once an hour, when they saw the Widow Lerouge in the cross-road. They hurried on to catch her up, talked to her, and only left her at her own door."

"And what had she in her basket?" asked the judge.

"The witnesses do not know. They only know that she was carrying two bottles of wine and a quart of brandy. She complained of headache, and said that, although it was customary to enjoy oneself on Shrove Tuesday, she should go to bed."

"Ah, well," exclaimed the chief of the police, "I know where to look now."

"You think so?" asked M. Daburon.

"Parbleu! it is clear enough. The matter is to find the big brown fellow in the blouse. The brandy and the wine were destined for him. The widow expected him to supper. He came, this amiable gallant."

"O, but," insinuated the brigadier indignantly, "she was very ugly and dreadfully old!"

Gévrol gave the honest policeman a knowing look, and said,

"Let me tell you, brigadier, that a woman who has money is always young and pretty if she likes."

"Perhaps there may be something in that," said the judge; "but that is not what strikes me most. It is rather those words of the Widow Lerouge: 'If I wanted more money I should have it.'"

"That is also what aroused my attention," confirmed the justice of the peace.

But Gévrol no longer took the trouble to listen. He had his clue. He examined carefully all the nooks and corners of the room. Suddenly he turned again to the justice.

"I have it!" exclaimed he. "Was it not on Tuesday that the weather changed? It had been

freezing for a fortnight, and on Tuesday it rained. At what time did the rain begin?"

"At half-past nine," answered the brigadier. "I was coming from supper, and going to take a turn at the balls, when I was overtaken by a shower opposite the Rue des Pêcheurs. In less than ten minutes there was half an inch of water in the street."

"Very good," said Gévrol. "Then if the man came after half-past nine his boots must have been covered with mud; if not, he must have come before. You must have been able to see that, since the floor is polished. Were there any foot-marks, sir?"

"I must confess that we did not think about that."

"Ah!" said the police-agent, in a tone of vexation, "that is a pity."

"Wait a moment," said the justice; "there is still time to look; not in this room, but in the next. We have not moved a thing there. My steps and the brigadier's can easily be distinguished. Come."

As the justice opened the door into the other room, Gévrol stopped him.

"I will ask you, sir," said he, "to allow me to examine everything before any one enters. It is of importance to me."

"Certainly," said M. Daubron.

Gévrol entered first, and all behind him stopped on the threshold. Thus they took in at a glance the scene of the crime.

As the justice had said, everything appeared to have been turned upside down by some madman.

In the middle of the room a table was laid. A fine snow-white tablecloth covered it. Upon it stood a beautiful cut-glass goblet, a knife, and a china plate. There was also a bottle of wine almost untouched, and a bottle of brandy, from which about five or six little glasses had been drunk.

On the right, along the wall, stood two handsome walnut-wood cupboards, with wrought locks, one on each side of the window. Both were empty, and their contents lay strewn about over the whole floor. They were clothes and linen, unfolded, thrown about, and tumbled.

At the end of the room, near the fireplace, a large wall-cupboard, containing table utensils, stood open. On the other side of the fireplace an old writing-table, with a marble top, had been forced open, broken to pieces, and doubtless searched in its smallest cracks. The desk had been torn off, and hung on one hinge: the drawers had been pulled out and thrown on the ground; and on the left, the bed had been entirely undone and overhauled. Even the straw had been pulled out of the mattress.

"Not the faintest mark," muttered Gevrol, annoyed. "He must have come before half-past nine o'clock. We may go in, now, without any objection."

He went in, and walked straight up to the corpse of the Widow Lerouge, and knelt down next it.

"There is no denying it," muttered he: "it is neatly done. The murderer is no mere apprentice."

Then looking about him to right and left.

"Oho! oho!" continued he, "the poor thing was just cooking when the knock came. There is her saucepan on the ground, and her ham and eggs. The brute had not the patience to wait for his dinner. The gentleman was in a hurry; he gave the blow with an empty stomach, so that he cannot even urge in his excuse the merriment caused by the wine."

"It is plain," said the justice of the peace to the judge, "that theft was the motive of the crime."

"It is probable," said Gévrol slyly. "It must be for that reason that we do not see a trace of silver on the table."

"See, here are pieces of gold in this drawer!" exclaimed Lecoq, who was also rummaging. "Here are 320 francs!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Gévrol, somewhat disconcerted.

But he soon recovered from his surprise, and continued:

"He must have forgotten them; I have heard of stranger cases than that. I have seen an assassin who, when he had accomplished the murder, lost his head so completely that he no longer remembered what he had come for, and ran away without taking anything. Our friend may have been overcome. Who knows whether he may not have been disturbed? Some one may have knocked at the door. What leads me to think that is, that the scoundrel did not leave the candle burning; he took the trouble to blow it out."

"Bah!" said Lecoq, "that does not prove anything. Perhaps he was an economical and careful man."

The two agents continued their investigations all through the house, but the most minute search failed to reveal anything. Not a convicting circumstance, not the slightest indication which could serve as mark or starting-point. Even all the Widow Lerouge's papers—if she had any—had disappeared. Not a letter was discovered, not a scrap of paper—nothing.

From time to time Gévrol stopped to swear or to grumble.

"Oh, it was neatly done! I call that work done in A1 style. The scoundrel has some skill."

"Well, sirs?" at length asked the judge.

"We must begin again, sir," replied Gévrol; "the game is where it stood. The rascal had taken every precaution with the greatest care. But I will catch him yet. Before this evening I will have a dozen

men about the country. Besides, we are sure of getting him. He has carried off silver and jewels. He is lost."

"But in spite of all that," said M. Daburon, "we are no further than we were this morning."

"By Jove! we do what we can," grumbled Gévrol.

"I say," said Lecoq, in a half whisper, "why is not Father Bring-to-light here?"

"What could he do more than we?" objected Gévrol, with a furious glance at his subordinate officer.

Lecoq bent his head down, and did not breathe another word, inwardly delighted to have wounded his superior's feelings.

"Who is this Father Bring-to-light?" asked the judge; "it seems to me I must have heard his name somewhere."

"He is a sharp man," exclaimed Lecoq.

"He was formerly employed at the Mont-de-Piété," added Gévrol—"a rich old man, whose real name is Tabaret. He acts as detective for his own amusement."

"And to add to his fortune," put in the justice.

"Not he!" answered Lecoq; "no fear of that. It is so entirely for glory that he labors that he is often out of pocket by it Why, it is an amusement for him! We call him Bring-to-light among ourselves, because of a sentence that he is always repeating. Oh, he is great, that old mastiff! It was he who, in that affair about the banker's wife, you know, guessed that the woman had robbed herself, and proved it."

"That is true," broke in Gévrol sharply. "It was also he who almost cut the throat of that poor Derème, the little tailor, who was accused of killing his wife—a good-for-nothing—and who was innocent."

"We are wasting our time, gentlemen," inter-

rupted the judge; and turning to Lecoq: "Go," said he, "and bring me Father Tabaret. I have often heard him spoken of; I shall not be sorry to see him at work."

Lecoq ran off. Gévrol was seriously annoyed.

"Sir," said he to the judge, "you have certainly a right to employ the services of whomever you please, but——"

"Do not be vexed, M. Gévrol," broke in M. Daburon. "Our acquaintance is not of yesterday. I know what you are worth, only to-day we are of entirely different opinion. You cling obstinately to your dark man, while I am convinced that you are not on the track."

"I believe I am right," answered the head of the police, "and I hope to prove it to you. I will find the scoundrel, whoever he may be."

"I ask no more."

"Only, if you would allow me to give you—what shall I say, without being disrespectful?—some advice."

"Speak."

"Well, I would ask you to mistrust Father Tabaret."

"Indeed! and why?"

"Because the man is too excitable. He acts the part of detective for the sake of success, just as much as an author. And as he is vainer than a peacock, he is apt to be carried away, to jump at conclusions. The moment he comes into the presence of a crime—like the one to-day, for instance—he pretends to explain everything on the spot; and, in truth, he invents some story which exactly suits the situation. He pretends, from a single fact, to be able to build up all the scenes of the assassination, like that learned man who could build up extinct animals from a single bone. Sometimes he guesses rightly, but often he is mistaken. Thus, in

that affair of the tailor, that unfortunate Derème, without me——"

"Thank you for your advice," broke in M. Daburon. "I shall make use of it. Now," continued he, turning to the justice of the peace, "we must try, at whatever cost, to discover from what part this Widow Lerouge came."

The troop of witnesses, led by the brigadier of police, began once more to defile before the judge.

But no new facts came to light.

* * * * * * *

He was interruptedy by Lecoq, who came in quite out of breath.

"Here is Father Tabaret," said he. "I met him as he was just going out. What a man! He would not even wait for the train to start: he gave, I don't know how much, to a coachman, and we have got here in fifty minutes—got ahead of the railway!"

Almost at the same moment there appeared on the threshold a man whose appearance, it must be confessed, by no means corresponded to the idea one might form of a detective for honor and glory.

He was about sixty, and did not seem to carry his years very lightly. Short, thin, and a little bent, he leaned on a thick stick with a carved ivory head.

His round face had that expression of perpetual astonishment mixed with alarm that has made the fortune of two Palais Royal comedians. He was carefully shaved, had a very short chin, thick good-humored lips, and his nose disagreeably turned up like the bell of some instruments of M. Sax.

His eyes of a dull gray, small, with red rims, said absolutely nothing; but they were wearying by their unendurable mobility. A few straight hairs shaded his forehead, retreating like a greyhound's, and did not succeed in hiding two large gaping ears standing out a long way from the head.

He was very comfortably dressed, as clean as a

new shoe, displaying linen of a dazzling whiteness, and wearing silk gloves and gaiters. A long chain of very massive gold, of detestable taste, surrounded his neck three times, and fell in cascades into his waistcoat-pocket.

Father Tabaret, *alias* Bring-to-light, bowed to the ground in the doorway, bending his old back into a bow. In the humblest of voices, he asked,

"Has the judge condescended to send for me?"

"Yes," answered M. Daburon; and aside to himself he said, "If that is an able man, at any rate he does not look like it."

"I am here," continued the man, "quite at the service of Justice."

"The matter is," said the Judge, "to see whether you, more fortunate than we have been, may succeed in discovering some token which may put us on the murderer's track. The matter shall be explained to you."

"O, I know enough about it," interrupted Father Tabaret; "Lecoq told me the whole thing on our way, quite as much as I need."

"Yet—" began the justice of the peace.

"Only trust to me, sir. I like to act without instructions, so as to be more sure of my own impressions. When one knows other people's opinions, one is apt to be influenced against one's will, so that—Well, I will begin my search with Lecoq."

While he was speaking, his little gray eyes kindled and lighted up like a carbuncle. His face reflected inward delight, and even his wrinkles seemed to laugh. He had drawn himself up, and, with almost a light step, he hastened into the second room.

He remained there about half an hour and then ran out. He returned to it, went out again; again reappeared, and went away again at once. The judges could not help noticing in him that restless and unquiet anxiety of a dog who is on the hunt.

Even his trumpet-like nose was moving as though to breathe in some subtle emanation from the murderer. As he came and went, he talked aloud, and gesticulated, apostrophized himself, called himself names, gave little cries of triumph, or encouraged himself. He did not leave Lecoq one moment's peace. He needed this or that or some other thing. He asked for pencil and paper, then he wanted a spade. Presently he called for some plaster, some water, and a bottle of oil.

After more than an hour, the judge, who was beginning to grow impatient, inquired what had become of his volunteer.

"He is on the road," answered the brigadier, "lying face downwards in the mud, and he is mixing some plaster in a plate. He says he has almost finished and will come back directly."

In reality he came back almost immediately—joyous, triumphant, looking twenty years younger.

Lecoq followed him, carrying a large basket with the greatest care.

"I have it," said he to the judge; "it is complete. It is brought to light now, and as plain as daylight. Lecoq, my boy, put the basket on the table."

"Speak, M. Tabaret," said the judge.

The man had emptied the contents of his basket on to the table—a large lump of clay, several large sheets of paper, and three or four little pieces of still wet plaster. Standing before this table, he looked almost grotesque, strikingly resembling those gentlemen who, on the public places, perform juggling tricks with nutmegs and the pence of the public. His dress had suffered considerably; he was almost covered with mud.

"I commence," said he, in a voice almost conceitedly modest. "The theft is of no account in the crime that we are considering."

"No, on the contrary," muttered Gévrol.

"I will prove it," continued Father Tabaret, "by evidence. I will also presently give my humble opinion on the manner of the murder. Well, the murderer came here before half-past nine—that is to say, before the rain. Like M. Gévrol, I also found no muddy footprints; but under the table, on the spot where the murderer's feet must have rested, I have found traces of dust. So we are quite certain now about the time. The Widow Lerouge did not at all expect the comer. She had begun to undress, and was just winding up her cuckoo-clock, when this person knocked."

"What minute details!" said the justice of the peace.

"They are easy to verify," replied the voluntary detective. "Examine this clock above the writing-table. It is one of those that go for fourteen or fifteen hours, not more, as I have ascertained. Then it is more than probable—it is certain—that the widow wound it up in the evening before going to bed. How is it that the clock stopped at five o'clock? Because she touched it. She must have begun to pull the chain when some one knocked. To prove what I have stated, I show you this chair below the clock; and on the stuff of the chair the very plain mark of a foot. Then look at the victim's costume. She had taken off the body of her dress; to open the door more quickly she did not put it on again, but hastily threw this old shawl over her shoulders."

"Christi!" exclaimed the brigadier, whom this had evidently impressed.

"The widow," continued Tabaret, "knew the man who struck her. Her haste in opening the door leads us to suspect it; what followed proves it. Thus the murderer was admitted without any difficulty. He is a young man, a little over the average height, elegantly dressed. That evening he wore a tall hat; he had an umbrella, and was smoking a trabucos with a mouthpiece."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Gévrol; "that is too strong!"

"Too strong, perhaps," answered Father Tabaret; "in any case, it is the truth. If you are not particular as to detail, I cannot help it; but, for my part, I am. I seek, and I find. Ah, it is too strong, you say! Well, condescend to cast a glance at these lumps of wet plaster. They represent the heels of the murderer's boots, of which I found a most perfect imprint near the ditch in which the key was found. On these pieces of paper I have chalked the impression of the whole foot, which I could not carry away, as it is on sand. Look, the heel is high, the instep well marked, the sole little and narrow—evidently the boot of a fine gentleman, whose foot is well cared for. Look there, all along the road, you will see it twice more. Then you will find it five times in the garden, into which no one has penetrated; and this proves also that the murderer knocked not at the door, but at the shutter, under which a ray of light was visible. On entering the garden, my man jumped, to avoid a garden-bed; the deeper imprint of the toe proves that. He made a spring of almost two yards with ease; therefore he is nimble—that is to say, young."

Father Tabaret spoke in a little clear penetrating voice. His eye moved from one to another of his hearers, watching their impressions.

"Is it the hat that surprises you, M. Gévrol?" continued Father Tabaret.—"Just look at the perfect circle traced on the marble of this writing-table, which was a little dusty. Is it because I fixed his height that you are surprised? Be so good as to examine the top of these cupboards, and you will see that the murderer has passed his hands over it. Then he must be taller than I am. And do not say that he climbed on a chair; for in that case he would have seen, and would not have been obliged to feel. Are you astonished at the umbrella? This

lump of earth retains an excellent impression, not only of the point, but also of the round of wood which holds the stuff. Is it the cigar that amazes you? Here is the end of the trabucos, which I picked up among the ashes. Is the end of it bitten? Has it been moistened by saliva? No. Then whoever smoked it made use of a mouth-piece."

Lecoq with difficulty restrained his enthusiastic admiration; noiselessly he struck his hands together. The justice of the peace was amazed, the judge seemed delighted. As a contrast, Gévrol's face became noticeably longer. As for the brigadier, he was petrified.

"Now," continued Tabaret, "listen attentively. Here is the young man introduced. How he explained his presence at that time I do not know. What is certain is, that he told the Widow Lerouge he had not dined. The worthy woman was delighted, and immediately set about preparing a meal. This meal was not for herself. In the cupboard I have found the remains of her dinner; she had eaten fish; the post-mortem will prove that. Besides, as you see, there is only one glass on the table, and one knife. But who is this young man? Evidently the widow considered him very much above her. In the cupboard there is a tablecloth, that is still clean. Did she make use of it? No. For her guest she got out white linen, and her best. She meant this beautiful goblet for him; it was a present, no doubt. And finally, it is evident that she did not commonly make use of this ivory-handled knife."

"All that is exact," muttered the judge, "very exact."

"The young man is seated, then; he has begun by drinking a glass of wine, while the widow was putting her saucepan on the fire. Then his courage began to fail him; he asked for brandy, and drank about five little glasses full. After an inner con-

flict of about ten minutes—it must have taken this time to cook the ham and the eggs to this point—the young man rose, approached the widow, who was then bending down and leaning forward, and gave her two blows on the back. She did not die instantly. She half rose, and clutched the murderer's hands. He also retreated, lifted her roughly, and threw her back into the position in which you see her. This short struggle is proved by the attitude of the corpse. Bent down and struck in the back, she would have fallen on her back. The murderer made use of a sharp fine weapon, which, if I am not much mistaken, was the sharpened end of a fencing-foil, with the button removed. Wiping his weapon on the victim's skirt, he has left us this clue. The victim clutched his hands tightly; but as he had not taken off his gray gloves——"

"Why, that is a regular romance!" exclaimed Grévol.

"Have you examined the Widow Lerouge's nails, sir? No. Well, go and look at them; you will tell me if I am mistaken. Well, the woman is dead. What does the murderer want? Is it money or valuables? No, no: a hundred times no! What he wants, what he seeks, what he requires, are papers that he knows to be in the victim's possession. To find them he turns over everything; he upsets the cupboards, unfolds the linen, breaks open the writing-table, to which he has not the key, and turns out the mattress.

"At last he finds them. And what do you think he does with these papers? He burns them; not in the fireplace, but in the little stove in the first room. Now his end is accomplished. What will he do? Fly, and carry off all the valuables he can find, to put the search on a wrong track, and point to a robbery. Having seized everything, he wraps it in the napkin he was to use for his dinner, and blow-

ing out the light, takes to flight, locks the door outside, and throws the key in a ditch. There you are!"

"M. Tabaret," said the judge, "your investigation is excellent, and I am convinced that you are in the right."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lecoq, "is he not splendid, my Papa Bring-to-light?"

"Gigantic!" said Gévrol, ironically overbidding him. "Only I think that this worthy young man must have found a parcel, wrapped in a napkin, that could be seen from a distance, rather a hindrance."

"Yes, and he did not carry it a hundred miles," replied Father Tabaret. "You may fancy that, to reach the station, he was not fool enough to make use of the tramcar. He went there on foot, by the shortest path along the river. Then, on reaching the Seine, unless he was much stronger than I fancy, his first care was to throw away this traitorous parcel."

"Do you think so, Papa Bring-to-light?" asked Gévrol.

"I would lay any wager, and the proof is that I have sent three men, under the conduct of a policeman, to search the Seine at the spot nearest here. If they find the parcel I have promised them a reward."

"Out of your own pocket, you excitable old fellow?"

"Yes, M. Gévrol; out of my own pocket!"

"And yet, if this parcel could be found," muttered the judge.

At these words a policeman entered.

"Here," said he, bringing a wet napkin containing silver, money, and jewels, "is what the men have found. They demand 100 francs, which have been promised them."

Father Tabaret took out of his pocketbook a banknote, which he gave to the policeman.

"Now," asked he, crushing Gévrol with a proud look, "what does the judge think?"

"I believe that, thanks to your wonderful penetration, we shall succeed, and ——"

He did not finish. The doctor came to conduct the examination of the victim.

The doctor, having finished his repugnant task, could but confirm the assertions and conjectures of Father Tabaret. Thus he explained in the same way the position of the corpse. In his opinion also there must have been a struggle. Even round the victim's neck he pointed out a hardly perceptible bluish ring, probably produced by extreme pressure of the murderer's hands. Finally, he stated that the Widow Lerouge had eaten about three hours before she was struck.

There only remained to collect some of the proofs, which might serve later on to confound the criminal.

Father Tabaret examined most carefully the dead woman's nails, and with extreme precaution he succeeded in extracting some scraps of kid which had clung there. The largest of these fragments did not measure two millimetres, but the color could easily be distinguished. He also put aside the piece of skirt on which the murderer had wiped his weapon. This, with the parcel discovered in the Seine, and the several footprints carried off by Tabaret, was all that the murderer had left behind him.

It was nothing; but this nothing was enormous in M. Daburon's eyes, and he was very hopeful. The greatest obstacle to examinations of mysterious crimes is a mistake about the circumstances. If the search takes a wrong direction, it departs further and further from truth the more it is continued. Thanks to Father Tabaret, the judge was almost certain that he was not mistaken.

ELIZABETH C. GASKELL

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, born at Chelsea, England, 1810; died 1865. Her maiden name was Stevenson, and her husband was a Unitarian clergyman. She won success with her first novel, "Mary Barton," which pictured the daily life of a manufacturing town. Subsequent works of fiction first appeared as serials in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. Her best known book is "Cranford." Her biography of Charlotte Brontë is a classic.

GREEN HEYS FIELDS

(From "Mary Barton")

THERE are some fields near Manchester, well known to the inhabitants as Green Heys Fields, through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low—nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land), there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these commonplace but thoroughly rural fields with the busy, bustling manufacturing town he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farm-house, with its rambling outbuildings, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population of the neighborhood. Here in their seasons may be seen the country business of hay-making, plowing, etc., which are such pleasant mysteries for townspeople to watch: and here the artisan, deafened with noise

of tongues and engines, may come to listen awhile to the delicious sounds of rural life—the lowing of cattle, the milkmaid's call, the clatter and cackle of poultry in the old farm-yards. You cannot wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday-time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe, the charm of one particular stile, that it should be, on such occasions, a crowded halting-place. Close by it is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark-green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farm-yard, belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public foot-path leads. The porch of this farm-house is covered by a rose-tree; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers, planted long ago when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance—roses, lavender, sage, balm (for tea), rosemary, pinks and wallflowers, onions and jessamine, in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farm-house and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile of which I spoke, leading from the large pasture-field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn; and near this stile, on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may often be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge-bank.

I do not know whether it was on a holiday granted by the masters, or a holiday seized in right of nature and her beautiful spring-time by the workmen; but one afternoon—now ten or a dozen years ago—these fields were much thronged. It was an early May evening—the April of the poets;

for heavy showers had fallen all the morning, and the round, soft white clouds, which were blown by a west wind over the dark blue sky, were sometimes varied by one blacker and more threatening. The softness of the day tempted forth the young green leaves, which almost visibly fluttered into life; and the willows, which that morning had had only a brown reflection in the water below, were now of that tender gray-green which blends so delicately with the spring harmony of colors.

Groups of merry, and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory-girls, and wore the usual out-of-doors dress of that particular class of maidens—namely, a shawl, which at mid-day, or in fine weather, was allowed to be merely a shawl, but toward evening, or if the day were chilly, became a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no unpicturesque fashion. Their faces were not remarkable for beauty; indeed, they were below the average, with one or two exceptions; they had dark hair, neatly and classically arranged, dark eyes, but sallow complexions and irregular features. The only thing to strike a passer-by was an acuteness and intelligence of countenance which has often been noticed in a manufacturing population.

There were also numbers of boys, or rather young men, rambling among these fields, ready to bandy jokes with any one and particularly ready to enter into conversation with the girls, who, however, held themselves aloof, not in a shy, but rather in an independent way, assuming an indifferent manner to the noisy wit or obstreperous compliments of the lads. Here and there came a sober, quiet couple, either whispering lovers, or husband and wife, as the

case might be; and if the latter, they were seldom unencumbered by an infant, carried for the most part by the father, while occasionally even three or four little toddlers have been carried or dragged thus far, in order that the whole family might enjoy the delicious May afternoon together.

CUPID IN CRANFORD

(From "Cranford")

I THOUGHT that probably my connection with Cranford would cease after Miss Jenkyns's death; at least, that it would have to be kept up by correspondence, which bears much the same relation to personal intercourse that the books of dried plants I sometimes see ("Hortus Siccus," I think they call the thing) do to the living and fresh flowers in the lanes and meadows. I was pleasantly surprised, therefore, by receiving a letter from Miss Pole (who had always come in for a supplementary week after my annual visit to Miss Jenkyns) proposing that I should go and stay with her; and then, in a couple of days after my acceptance, came a note from Miss Matty, in which, in a rather circuitous and very humble manner, she told me how much pleasure I should confer if I could spend a week or two with her, either before or after I had been at Miss Pole's; "for," she said, "since my dear sister's death I am well aware I have no attractions to offer; it is only to the kindness of my friends that I can owe their company."

Of course I promised to come to dear Miss Matty as soon as I had ended my visit to Miss Pole; and the day after my arrival at Cranford I went to see her, much wondering what the house would be like without Miss Jenkyns, and rather dreading the

changed aspect of things. Miss Matty began to cry as soon as she saw me. She was evidently nervous from having anticipated my call. I comforted her as well as I could; and I found the best consolation I could give was the honest praise that came from my heart as I spoke of the deceased. Miss Matty slowly shook her head over each virtue as it was named and attributed to her sister; and at last she could not restrain the tears which had long been silently flowing, but hid her face behind her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud.

"Dear Miss Matty!" said I, taking her hand—for indeed I did not know in what way to tell her how sorry I was for her, left deserted in the world. She put down her handkerchief, and said—

"My dear, I'd rather you did not call me Matty. *She* did not like it; but I did many a thing she did not like, I'm afraid—and now she's gone! If you please, my love, will you call me Matilda?"

I promised faithfully, and began to practice the new name with Miss Pole that very day; and, by degrees, Miss Matilda's feeling on the subject was known through Cranford, and we all tried to drop the more familiar name, but with so little success that by and by we gave up the attempt.

My visit to Miss Pole was very quiet. Miss Jenkyns had so long taken the lead in Cranford that, now she was gone, they hardly knew how to give a party. The Honorable Mrs. Jamieson, to whom Miss Jenkyns herself had always yielded the post of honor, was fat and inert, and very much at the mercy of her old servants. If they chose that she should give a party, they reminded her of the necessity for so doing; if not, she let it alone. There was all the more time for me to hear old-world stories from Miss Pole, while she sat knitting, and I making my father's shirts. I always took a quantity of plain sewing to Cranford; for, as we

did not read much, or walk much, I found it a capital time to get through my work. One of Miss Pole's stories related to a shadow of a love affair that was dimly perceived or suspected long years before.

Presently, the time arrived when I was to remove to Miss Matilda's house. I found her timid and anxious about the arrangements for my comfort. Many a time, while I was unpacking, did she come backwards and forwards to stir the fire, which burned all the worse for being so frequently poked.

"Have you drawers enough, dear?" asked she. "I don't know exactly how my sister used to arrange them. She had capital methods. I am sure she would have trained a servant in a week to make a better fire than this, and Fanny has been with me four months."

This subject of servants was a standing grievance, and I could not wonder much at it; for if gentlemen were scarce, and almost unheard of in the "genteel society" of Cranford, they or their counterparts—handsome young men—abounded in the lower classes. The pretty neat servant-maids had their choice of desirable "followers"; and their mistresses, without having the sort of mysterious dread of men and matrimony that Miss Matilda had, might well feel a little anxious lest the heads of their comely maids should be turned by the joiner, or the butcher, or the gardener, who were obliged, by their callings, to come to the house, and who, as ill-luck would have it, were generally handsome and unmarried. Fanny's lovers, if she had any—and Miss Matilda suspected her of so many flirtations that, if she had not been very pretty, I should have doubted her having one—were a constant anxiety to her mistress. She was forbidden, by the articles of her engagement, to have "followers"; and though she had answered, innocently

enough, doubling up the hem of her apron as she spoke, "Please, ma'am, I never had more than one at a time," Miss Matty prohibited that one. But a vision of a man seemed to haunt the kitchen. Fanny assured me that it was all fancy, or else I should have said to myself that I had seen a man's coat-tails whisk into the scullery once, when I went on an errand into the store-room at night; and another evening, when, our watches having stopped, I went to look at the clock, there was a very odd appearance, singularly like a young man squeezed up between the clock and the back of the open kitchen door; and I thought Fanny snatched up the candle very hastily, so as throw the shadow on the clock face, while she very positively told me the time half an hour too early, as we found out afterwards by the church clock. But I did not add to Miss Matty's anxieties by naming my suspicions, especially as Fanny said to me, the next day, that it was such a queer kitchen for having odd shadows about it, she really was almost afraid to stay; "for you know miss," she added, "I don't see a creature from six o'clock tea till Missus rings the bell for prayers at ten."

However, it so fell out that Fanny had to leave; and Miss Matilda begged me to stay and "settle her" with the new maid; to which I consented, after I had heard from my father that he did not want me at home. The new servant was a rough, honest-looking country girl, who had only lived in a farm place before, but I liked her looks when she came to be hired, and I promised Miss Matilda to put her in the ways of the house. The said ways were religiously such as Miss Matilda thought her sister would approve. Many a domestic rule and regulation had been a subject of plaintive whispered murmur to me during Miss Jenkyns's life; but now that she was gone, I do not think that even I, who

was a favorite, durst have suggested an alteration. To give an instance: We constantly adhered to the forms which were observed, at meal times, in "my father, the rector's house." Accordingly, we had always wine and dessert; but the decanters were only filled when there was a party, and what remained was seldom touched, though we had two wine glasses apiece very day after dinner, until the next festive occasion arrived, when the state of the remainder wine was examined into in a family council. The dregs were often given to the poor; but occasionally, when a good deal had been left at the last party (five months ago, it might be), it was added to some of a fresh bottle, brought up from the cellar. I fancy poor Captain Brown did not much like wine, for I noticed he never finished his first glass, and most military men take several. Then, as to our dessert. Miss Jenkyn used to gather currants and gooseberries for it herself, which I sometimes thought would have tasted better fresh from the trees; but then, as Miss Jenkyns observed, there would have been nothing for dessert in summer-time. As it was, we felt very genteel with our two glasses apiece, and a dish of gooseberries at the top, of currants and biscuits at the sides, and two decanters at the bottom. When oranges came in, a curious proceeding was gone through. Miss Jenkyns did not like to cut the fruit; for, as she observed, the juice all ran out nobody knew where; sucking (only I think she used some more recondite word) was in fact the only way of enjoying oranges; but then there was the unpleasant association with a ceremony frequently gone through by little babies; and so, after dessert, in orange season, Miss Jenkyns and Miss Matty used to rise up, possess themselves each of an orange in silence, and withdraw to the privacy of their own rooms to indulge in sucking oranges.

I had once or twice tried, on such occasions, to prevail on Miss Matty to stay, and had succeeded in her sister's life-time. I held up a screen, and did not look, and, as she said, she tried not to make the noise very offensive; but now that she was left alone, she seemed quite horrified when I begged her to remain with me in the warm dining-parlor, and enjoy her orange as she liked best. And so it was in everything. Miss Jenkyns's rules were made more stringent than ever, because the framer of them was gone where there could be no appeal. In all things else Miss Matilda was meek and undecided to a fault. I have heard Fanny turn her round twenty times in a morning about dinner, just as the little hussy chose; and I sometimes fancied she worked on Miss Matilda's weakness in order to bewilder her, and to make her feel more in the power of her clever servant. I determined that I would not leave her till I had seen what sort of a person Martha was; and, if I found her trustworthy, I would tell her not to trouble her mistress with every little decision.

Martha was blunt and plain-spoken to a fault; otherwise she was a brisk, well-meaning, but very ignorant girl. She had not been with us a week before Miss Matilda and I were astounded one morning by the receipt of a letter from a cousin of hers, who had been twenty or thirty years in India, and who had lately, as we had seen by the "Army List," returned to England, bringing with him an invalid wife who had never been introduced to her English relations. Major Jenkyns wrote to propose that he and his wife should spend a night at Cranford, on his way to Scotland—at the inn, if it did not suit Miss Matilda to receive them into her house; in which case they should hope to be with her as much as possible during the day. Of course, it *must* suit her, as she said; for all Cranford knew

that she had her sister's bedroom at liberty; but I am sure she wished the major had stopped in India and forgotten his cousins out and out.

"Oh! how must I manage?" asked she helplessly. "If Deborah had been alive she would have known what to do with a gentleman visitor. Must I put razors in his dressing-room? Dear! dear! and I've got none. Deborah would have had them. And slippers, and coat-brushes?" I suggested that probably he would bring all these things with him. "And after dinner, how am I to know when to get up and leave him to his wine? Deborah would have done it so well; she would have been quite in her element. Will he want coffee, do you think?" I undertook the management of the coffee and I told her I would instruct Martha in the art of waiting—in which, it must be owned, she was terribly deficient—and that I had no doubt Major and Mrs. Jenkyns would understand the quiet mode in which a lady lived by herself in a country town. But she was sadly fluttered. I made her empty her decanters and bring up two fresh bottles of wine. I wished I could have prevented her from being present at my instructions to Martha, for she frequently cut in with some fresh direction, muddling the poor girl's mind, as she stood open-mouthed, listening to us both.

"Hand the vegetables round," said I (foolishly, I see now—for it was aiming at more than we could accomplish with quietness and simplicity); and then, seeing her look bewildered, I added, "Take the vegetables round to people, and let them help themselves."

"And mind you go first to the ladies," put in Miss Matilda. "Always go to the ladies before gentlemen when you are waiting."

"I'll do it as you tell me, ma'am," said Martha; "but I like lads best."

We felt very uncomfortable and shocked at this speech of Martha's yet I don't think she meant any harm; and, on the whole, she attended very well to our directions, except that she "nudged" the major when he did not help himself as soon as she expected to the potatoes, while she was handing them round.

The major and his wife were quiet, unpretending people enough when they did come; languid, as all East Indians are, I suppose. We were rather dismayed at their bringing two servants with them, a Hindoo body-servant for the major, and a steady, elderly maid for his wife; but they slept at the inn, and took off a good deal of the responsibility by attending carefully to their master's and mistress's comfort. Martha, to be sure, had never ended her staring at the East Indian's white turban and brown complexion, and I saw that Miss Matilda shrunk away from him a little as she waited at dinner. Indeed, she asked me, when they were gone, if he did not remind me of Blue Beard? On the whole, the visit was most satisfactory, and is a subject of conversation even now with Miss Matilda; at the time it greatly excited Cranford, and even stirred up the apathetic and Honorable Mrs. Jamieson to some expression of interest, when I went to call and thank her for the kind answers she had vouchsafed to Miss Matilda's inquiries as to the arrangemnt of a gentleman's dressing-room—answers which I must confess, she had given in the wearied manner of the Scandinavian prophetess—

"Leave me, leave me to repose."

And *now* I come to the love affair.

It seems that Miss Pole had a cousin, once or twice removed, who had offered to Miss Matty long ago. Now this cousin lived four or five miles from Cranford on his own estate; but his property was not large enough to entitle him to rank higher than

a yeoman; or rather, with something of the "pride which apes humility," he had refused to push himself on, as so many of his class had done, into the ranks of the squires. He would not allow himself to be called Thomas Holbrook, *Esq.;* he even sent back letters with this address, telling the postmistress at Cranford that his name was *Mr.* Thomas Holbrook, yeoman. He rejected all domestic innovations; he would have the housedoor stand open in summer and shut in winter, without knocker or bell to summon a servant. The closed fist or the knob of the stick did this office for him if he found the door locked. He despised every refinement which had not its root deep down in humanity. If people were not ill, he saw no necessity for moderating his voice. He spoke the dialect of the country in perfection, and constantly used it in conversation; although Miss Pole (who gave me these particulars) added, that he read aloud more beautifully and with more feeling than any one she had ever heard, except the late rector.

"And how came Miss Matilda not to marry him?" asked I.

"Oh, I don't know. She was willing enough, I think; but you know cousin Thomas would not have been enough of a gentleman for the rector and Miss Jenkyns."

"Well! but they were not to marry him," said I impatiently.

"No; but they did not like Miss Matty to marry below her rank. You know she was the rector's daughter, and somehow they are related to Sir Peter Arley: Miss Jenkyns thought a deal of that,"

"Poor Miss Matty!" said I.

"Nay, now, I don't know anything more than that he offered and was refused. Miss Matty might not like him—and Miss Jenkyns might never have said a word—it is only a guess of mine."

"Has she never seen him since?" I inquired.

"No, I think not. You see Woodley, cousin Thomas's house, lies half-way betwen Cranford and Misselton; and I know he made Misselton his market-town very soon after he had offered to Miss Matty; and I don't think he has been into Cranford above once or twice since—once, when I was walking with Miss Matty, in High Street, and suddenly she darted from me, and went up Shire Lane. A few minutes after I was startled by meeting cousin Thomas."

"How old is he?" I asked, after a pause of castle-building.

"He must be about seventy, I think, my dear," said Miss Pole, blowing up my castle, as if by gunpowder, into small fragments.

Very soon after—at least during my long visit to Miss Matilda—I had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Holbrook; seeing, too, his first encounter with his former love, after thirty or forty years' separation. I was helping to decide whether any of the new assortment of colored silks which they had just received at the shop would do to match a gray and black mousseline-delaine that wanted a new breadth, when a tall, thin, Don Quixote-looking old man came into the shop for some woolen gloves. I had never seen the person (who was rather striking) before, and I watched him rather attentively while Miss Matty listened to the shopman. The stranger wore a blue coat with brass buttons, drab breeches, and gaiters, and drummed with his fingers on the counter until he was attended to. When he answered the shop-boy's question, "What can I have the pleasure of showing you to-day, sir?" I saw Miss Matilda start, and then suddenly sit down; and instantly I guessed who it was. She had made some inquiry which had to be carried round to the other shopman.

"Miss Jenkyns wants the black sarsenet two-and-twopence the yard;" and Mr. Holbrook had caught the name, and was across the shop in two strides.

"Matty—Miss Matilda—Miss Jenkyns! God bless my soul! I should not have known you. How are you? how are you?" He kept shaking her hand in a way which proved the warmth of his friendship; but he repeated so often, as if to himself, "I should not have known you!" that any sentimental romance which I might be inclined to build was quite done away with by his manner.

However, he kept talking to us all the time we were in the shop; and then waving the shopman with the unpurchased gloves on one side, with "Another time, sir! another time!" he walked home with us. I am happy to say my client, Miss Matilda, also left the shop in an equally bewildered state, not having purchased either green or red silk. Mr. Holbrook was evidently full with honest loud-spoken joy at meeting his old love again; he touched on the changes that had taken place; he even spoke of Miss Jenkyns as "Your poor sister! Well, well! we have all our faults;" and bade us good-by with many a hope that he should soon see Miss Matty again. She went straight to her room, and never came back till our early tea time, when I thought she looked as if she had been crying.

AN OLD BACHELOR HAS VISITORS

(From "Cranford")

A FEW days after, a note came from Mr. Holbrook, asking us—impartially asking both of us—in a formal, old-fashioned style, to spend a day at his house—a long June day—for it was June now. He named that he had also invited his cousin, Miss Pole; so that we might join in a fly, which could be put up at his house.

I expected Miss Matty to jump at this invitation; but no! Miss Pole and I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to go. She thought it was improper; and was even half annoyed when we utterly ignored the idea of any impropriety in her going with two other ladies to see her old lover. Then came a more serious difficulty. She did not think Deborah would have liked her to go. This took us half a day's good hard talking to get over; but, at the first sentence of relenting, I seized the opportunity, and wrote and dispatched an acceptance in her name—fixing day and hour, that all might be decided and done with.

The next morning she asked me if I would go down to the shop with her; and there, after much hesitation, we chose out three caps to be sent home and tried on, that the most becoming might be selected to take with us on Thursday.

She was in a state of silent agitation all the way to Woodley. She had evidently never been there before; and, although she little dreamt I knew anything of her early story, I could perceive she was in a tremor at the thought of seeing the place which might have been her home, and round which it is probable that many of her innocent girlish imaginations had clustered. It was a long drive there, through paved jolting lanes. Miss Matilda sat bolt upright, and looked wistfully out of the windows as we drew near the end of our journey. The aspect of the country was quiet and pastoral. Woodley stood among fields; and there was an old-fashioned garden where roses and currant-bushes touched each other, and where the feathery asparagus formed a pretty background to the pinks and gilly-flowers; there was no drive up to the door. We got out at a little gate, and walked up a straight box-edged path.

"My cousin might make a drive, I think," said

Miss Pole, who was afraid of earache, and had only her cap on.

"I think it is very pretty," said Miss Matty, with a soft plaintiveness in her voice, and almost in a whisper, for just then Mr. Holbrook appeared at the door, rubbing his hands in very effervescence of hospitality. He looked more like my idea of Don Quixote than ever, and yet the likeness was only external. His respectable housekeeper stood modestly at the door to bid us welcome; and, while she led the elder ladies upstairs to a bedroom, I begged to look about the garden. My request evidently pleased the old gentleman, who took me all round the place, and showed me his six-and-twenty cows, named after the different letters of the alphabet. As we went along, he surprised me occasionally by repeating apt and beautiful quotations from the poets, ranging easily from Shakespeare and George Herbert to those of our own day. He did this as naturally as if he were thinking aloud, and their true and beautiful words were the best expression he could find for what he was thinking or feeling. To be sure he called Byron "my Lord Byrron," and pronounced the name Goethe strictly in accordance with the English sound of the letters—"As Goëthe says, 'Ye ever-verdant palaces,'" etc. Altogether, I never met with a man, before or since, who had spent so long a life in a secluded and not impressive country, with ever-increasing delight in the daily and yearly change of season and beauty.

When he and I went in, we found that dinner was nearly ready in the kitchen—for so I suppose the room ought to be called, as there were oak dressers and cupboards all round, all over by the side of the fireplace, and only a small Turkey carpet in the middle of the flag floor. The room might have been easily made into a handsome dark oak dining-parlor by removing the oven and a few other appurten-

ances of a kitchen, which were evidently never used, the real cooking-place being at some distance. The room in which we were expected to sit was a stiffly-furnished, ugly apartment; but that in which we did sit was what Mr. Holbrook called the counting-house, when he paid his laborers their weekly wages at a great desk near the door. The rest of the pretty sitting-room—looking into the orchard, and all covered over with dancing tree-shadows—was filled with books. They lay on the ground, they covered the walls, they strewed the table. He was evidently half-ashamed and half-proud of his extravagance in this respect. They were of all kinds—poetry and wild weird tales prevailing. He evidently chose his books in accordance with his own tastes, not because such and such were classical or established favorites.

"Ah!" he said, "we farmers ought not to have much time for reading; yet somehow one can't help it."

"What a pretty room!" said Miss Matty, *sotto voce*.

"What a pleasant place!" said I, aloud, almost simultaneously.

"Nay! if you like it," replied he; "but can you sit on these great black-leather three-cornered chairs? I like it better than the best parlor; but I thought ladies would take that for the smarter place."

It was the smarter place, but, like most smart things, not at all pretty, or pleasant, or home-like; so, while we were at dinner, the servant-girl dusted and scrubbed the counting-house chairs, and we sat there all the rest of the day.

We had pudding before meat; and I thought Mr. Holbrook was going to make some apology for his old-fashioned ways, for he began—

"I don't know whether you like new-fangled ways."

"Oh, not at all!" said Miss Matty.

"No more do I," said he. "My housekeeper *will* have these in her new fashion; or else I tell her that, when I was a young man, we used to keep strictly to my father's rule, 'No broth, no ball; no ball, no beef'; and always began dinner with broth. Then we had suet puddings, boiled in the broth with the beef; and then the meat itself. If we did not sup our broth, we had no ball, which we liked a deal better; and the beef came last of all, and only those had it who had done justice to the broth and the ball. Now folks begin with sweet things, and turn their dinners topsy-turvy."

When the ducks and green peas came, we looked at each other in dismay; we had only two-pronged black-handled forks. It is true the steel was as bright as silver; but what were we to do? Miss Matty picked up her peas, one by one, on the point of the prongs, much as Aminé ate her grains of rice after her previous feast with the Ghoul. Miss Pole sighed over her delicate young peas as she left them on one side of her plate untasted, for they *would* drop between the prongs. I looked at my host: the peas were going wholesale into his capacious mouth, shoveled up by his large round-ended knife. I saw, I imitated, I survived! My friends, in spite of my precedent, could not muster up courage enough to do an ungenteel thing; and, if Mr. Holbrook had not been so heartily hungry, he would probably seen that the good peas went away almost untouched.

After dinner a clay pipe was brought in, and a spittoon; and, asking us to retire to another room, where he would soon join us, if we disliked tobacco-smoke, he presented his pipe to Miss Matty, and requested her to fill the bowl. This was a compliment to a lady in his youth; but it was rather inappropriate to propose it as an honor to Miss Matty, who had been trained by her sister to hold smoking of

every kind in utter abhorrence. But if it was a shock to her refinement, it was also a gratification to her feelings to be thus selected; so she daintily stuffed the strong tobacco into the pipe, and then we withdrew.

"It is very pleasant dining with a bachelor," said Miss Matty softly, as we settled ourselves in the counting-house. "I only hope it is not improper; so many pleasant things are!"

"What a number of books he has!" said Miss Pole, looking round the room. "And how dusty they are!"

"I think it must be like one of the great Dr. Johnson's rooms," said Miss Matty. "What a superior man your cousin must be!"

"Yes," said Miss Pole, "he's a great reader; but I am afraid he has got into very uncouth habits with living alone."

"Oh! uncouth is too hard a word. I should call him eccentric; very clever people always are!" replied Miss Matty.

When Mr. Holbrook returned, he proposed a walk in the fie[illegible]; but the two elder ladies were afraid of damp and dirt, and had only very unbecoming calashes to put on over their caps; so they declined, and I was again his companion in a turn which he said he was obliged to take to see after his men. He strode along, either wholly forgetting my existence, or soothed into silence by his pipe—and yet it was not silence exactly. He walked before me with a stooping gait, his hands clasped behind him; and, as some tree or cloud, or glimpse of distant upland pastures, struck him, he quoted poetry to himself, saying it out loud in a grand, sonorous voice, with just the emphasis that true feeling and appreciation give. We came upon an old cedar-tree, which stood at one end of the house—

"The cedar spreads his dark-green layers of shade."

"Capital term—'layers!' Wonderful man!" I did not know whether he was speaking to me or not; but I put in an assenting "wonderful," although I knew nothing about it, just because I was tired of being forgotten, and of being consequently silent.

He turned sharp round. "Ay! you may say 'wonderful.' Why, when I saw the review of his poems in *Blackwood,* I set off within an hour, and walked seven miles to Misselton (for the horses were not in the way) and ordered them. Now, what color are ash-buds in March?"

Is the man going mad? thought I. He is very like Don Quixote.

"What color are they, I say?" repeated he vehemently.

"I am sure I don't know, sir," said I, with the meekness of ignorance.

"I knew you didn't. No more did I—an old fool that I am!—till this young man comes and tells me. Black as ash-buds in March. And I've lived all my life in the country; more shame for me not to know. Black; they are jet-black, madam." And he went off again, swinging along to the music of some rhyme he had got hold of.

When he came back, nothing would serve him but he must read us the poems he had been speaking of; and Miss Pole encouraged him in his proposal, I thought, because she wished me to hear his beautiful reading, of which she had boasted; but she afterwards said it was because she had got to a difficult part of her crochet, and wanted to count her stitches without having to talk. Whatever he had proposed would have been right to Miss Matty; although she did fall sound asleep within five minutes after he had begun a long poem, called "Locksley Hall," and had a comfortable nap, unobserved, till he ended; when the cessation of his voice wakened her up, and

she said, feeling that something was expected, and that Miss Pole was counting—

"What a pretty book!"

"Pretty, madam!—it's beautiful! Pretty, indeed!"

"Oh, yes; I meant beautiful!" said she, fluttered at his disapproval of her word. "It is so like that beautiful poem of Dr. Johnson's my sister used to read—I forget the name of it; what was it, my dear?" turning to me.

"Which do you mean, ma'am? What was it about?"

"I don't remember what it was about, and I've quite forgotten what the name of it was; but it was written by Dr. Johnson, and was very beautiful, and very like what Mr. Holbrook has just been reading."

"I don't remember it," said he, reflectively. "But I don't know Dr. Johnson's poems well. I must read them."

As we were getting into the fly to return, I heard Mr. Holbrook say he should call on the ladies soon, and inquire how they got home; and this evidently pleased and fluttered Miss Matty at the time he said it; but after we had lost sight of the old house among the trees her sentiments toward the master of it were gradually absorbed into a distressing wonder as to whether Martha had broken her word, and seized on the opportunity of her mistress's absence to have a "follower." Martha looked good, and steady, and composed enough, as she came to help us out; she was always careful of Miss Matty, and to-night she made use of this unlucky speech—

"Eh! dear ma'am, to think of your going out in an evening in such a thin shawl! It's no better than muslin. At your age, ma'am, you should be careful."

"My age!" said Miss Matty, almost speaking crossly, for her, for she was usually gentle—"my age! Why how old do you think I am, that you talk about my age?"

"Well, ma'am, I should say you were not far shorty of sixty: but folks' looks is often against them—and I'm sure I meant no harm."

"Martha, I'm not yet fifty-two!" said Miss Matty, with grave emphasis; for probably the remembrance of her youth had come very vividly before her this day, and she was annoyed at finding that golden time so far away in the past.

But she never spoke of any former and more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Holbrook. She had probably met with so little sympathy in her early love that she had shut it up close in her heart; and it was only by a sort of watching, which I could hardly avoid since Miss Pole's confidence, that I saw how faithful her poor heart had been in its sorrow and its silence.

She gave me some good reason for wearing her best cap every day, and sat near the window, in spite of her rheumatism, in order to see, without being seen, down into the street.

He came. He put his open palms upon his knees, which were far apart, as he sat with his head bent down, whistling, after we had replied to his inquiries about our safe return. Suddenly he jumped up—

"Well, madam! have you any commands for Paris? I am going there in a week or two."

"To Paris!" we both exclaimed.

"Yes, madam! I've never been there, and always had a wish to go; and I think if I don't go soon, I mayn't go at all; so as soon as the hay is got in I shall go, before harvest time."

We were so much astonished that we had no commissions.

Just as he was going out of the room, he turned back, with his favorite exclamation—

"God bless my soul, madam! but I nearly forgot half my errand. Here are the poems for you you admired so much the other evening at my house." He tugged away at a parcel in his coat-pocket. "Good-bye, miss," said he; "good-bye, Matty! take care of yourself." And he was gone. But he had given her a book, and he had called her Matty; just as he used to do thirty years ago.

"I wish he would not go to Paris," said Miss Matilda anxiously. "I don't believe frogs will agree with him; he used to have to be very careful what he ate, which was curious in so strong-looking a young man."

Soon after this I took my leave, giving many an injunction to Martha to look after her mistress, and to let me know if she thought that Miss Matilda was not so well; in which case I would volunteer a visit to my old friend, without noticing Martha's intelligence to her.

Accordingly I received a line or two from Martha every now and then; and, about November, I had a note to say her mistress was "very low and sadly off her food"; the account made me so uneasy that, although Martha did not decidedly summon me, I packed up my things and went.

I received a warm welcome, in spite of the little flurry produced by my impromptu visit, for I had only been able to give a day's notice. Miss Matilda looked miserably ill; and I prepared to comfort and cosset her.

I went down to have a private talk with Martha.

"How long has your mistress been so poorly?" I asked, as I stood by the kitchen fire.

"Well, I think it's better than a fortnight; it is, I know; it was one Tuesday, after Miss Pole had been, that she went into this moping way. I thought

she was tired, and it would go off with a night's rest; but no! she has gone on and on ever since, till I thought it my duty to write to you, ma'am."

"You did quite right, Martha. It is a comfort to think she has so faithful a servant about her. And I hope you find your place comfortable?"

"Well, ma'am, missus is very kind, and there's plenty to eat and drink, and no more work but what I can do easily,—but—" Martha hesitated.

"But what, Martha?"

"Why, it seems so hard of missus not to let me have any followers; there's such lots of young fellows in the town; and many a one has as much as offered to keep company with me; and I may never be in such a likely place again, and it's like wasting an opportunity. Many a girl as I know would have 'em unbeknownst to missus; but I've given my word, and I'll stick to it; or else this is just the house for missus never to be the wiser if they did come: and it's such a capable kitchen—there's such good dark corners in it—I'd be bound to hide anyone. I counted up last Sunday night—for I'll not deny I was crying because I had to shut the door in Jem Hearn's face, and he's a steady young man, fit for any girl; only I had given missus my word." Martha was all but crying again; and I had little comfort to give her, for I knew, from old experience, of the horror with which both the Miss Jenkynses looked upon "followers"; and in Miss Matty's present nervous state this dread was not likely to be lessened.

I went to see Miss Pole the next day, and took her completely by surprise, for she had not been to see Miss Matilda for two days.

"And now I must go back with you, my dear, for I promised to let her know how Mr. Holbrook went on; and, I'm sorry to say, his housekeeper has sent me word to-day that he hasn't long to live. Poor

Thomas! that journey to Paris was quite too much for him. His housekeeper says he has hardly ever been round his fields since, but just sits with his hands on his knees in the counting-house, not reading or anything, but only saying what a wonderful city Paris was! Paris has much to answer for if it's killed my cousin Thomas, for a better man never lived."

"Does Miss Matilda know of his illness?" asked I—a new light as to the cause of her indisposition dawning upon me.

"Dear! to be sure, yes! Has not she told you? I let her know a fortnight ago, or more, when first I heard of it. How odd she shouldn't have told you!"

Not at all, I thought; but I did not say anything. I felt almost guilty of having spied too curiously into that tender heart, and I was not going to speak of its secrets—hidden, Miss Matty believed, from all the world. I ushered Miss Pole into Miss Matilda's little drawing-room, and then left them alone. But I was not surprised when Martha came to my bedroom door, to ask me to go down to dinner alone, for that missus had one of her bad headaches. She came into the drawing-room at tea time, but it was evidently an effort to her; and, as if to make up for some reproachful feeling against her late sister, Miss Jenkyns, which had been troubling her all the afternoon, and for which she now felt penitent, she kept telling me how good and how clever Deborah was in her youth; how she used to settle what gowns they were to wear at all the parties (faint, ghostly ideas of grim parties, far away in the distance, when Miss Matty and Miss Pole were young!); and how Deborah and her mother had started the benefit society for the poor, and taught girls cooking and plain sewing; and how Deborah had once danced with a lord; and how she used to visit at Sir Peter

Arley's, and try to remodel the quiet rectory establishment on the plans of Arley Hall, where they kept thirty servants; and how she had nursed Miss Matty through a long, long illness, of which I had never heard before, but which I now dated in my own mind as following the dismissal of the suit of Mr. Holbrook. So we talked softly and quietly of old times through the long November evening.

The next day Miss Pole brought us word that Mr. Holbrook was dead. Miss Matty heard the news in silence; in fact, from the account of the previous day, it was only what we had to expect. Miss Pole kept calling upon us for some expression of regret, by asking if it was not sad that he was gone, and saying—

"To think of that pleasant day, last June, when he seemed so well! And he might have lived this dozen years if he had not gone to that wicked Paris, where they are always having revolutions."

She paused for some demonstration on our part. I saw Miss Matty could not speak, she was trembling so nervously; so I said what I really felt: and after a call of some duration—all the time of which I have no doubt Miss Pole thought Miss Matty received the news very calmly—our visitor took her leave.

Miss Matty made a strong effort to conceal her feelings—a concealment she practiced even with me, for she has never alluded to Mr. Holbrook again, although the book he gave her lies with her bible on the little table by her bedside. She did not think I heard her when she asked the little milliner of Cranford to make her caps something like the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson's, or that I noticed the reply:

"But she wears widows' caps, ma'am?"

"Oh! I only meant something in that style; not widows', of course, but rather like Mrs. Jamieson's."

This effort at concealment was the beginning of

the tremulous motion of head and hands which I have seen ever since in Miss Matty.

The evening of the day on which we heard of Mr. Holbrook's death, Miss Matilda was very silent and thoughtful; after prayers she called Martha back, and then she stood, uncertain what to say.

"Martha!" she said at last, "you are young"—and then she made so long a pause that Martha, to remind her of her half-finished sentence, dropped a curtsey, and said—

"Yes, please, ma'am; two-and-twenty last third of October, please, ma'am."

"And perhaps, Martha, you may sometime meet with a young man you like, and who likes you. I did say you were not to have followers; but if you meet with such a young man, and tell me, and I find he is respectable, I have no objection to his coming to see you once a week. God forbid!" said she in a low voice, "that I should grieve any young hearts!" She spoke as if she were providing for some distant contingency, and was rather startled when Martha made her ready, eager answer.

"Please, ma'am, there's Jem Hearn, and he's a joiner making three-and-sixpence a day, and six foot one in his stocking feet, please ma'am; and if you'll ask about him to-morrow morning, every one will give him a character for steadiness; and he'll be glad enough to come to-morrow night, I'll be bound."

Though Miss Matty was startled, she submitted to Fate and Love.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, French poet, critic and novelist, was born in Gascony in 1818; died at Neuilly, in 1872. He was a lover of art and studied in the studio of Rioult. After two years he put by the brush for the pen, and his first volume of poetry appeared in 1830. He took up journalism and was soon one of the most noted editors of Paris. He traveled extensively, and found time to write many critical works of real value, and several novels, of which "Militona" and "Captain Fracasse" are best known. His books of travel include "A Journey in Russia" and "A Journey in Spain." His last book, "Pictures of the Siege," shows Paris during the dark days of 1870-71.

SPANISH LIFE IN GRANADA

(From "Travels in Spain")

WE often went to San Domingo to sit beneath the shade of the laurels, and bathe in a pool, near which, if the satirical songs are to be believed, the monks used to lead no very reputable sort of life. It is a remarkable fact, that the most Catholic countries are always those in which the priests and monks are treated most cavalierly; the Spanish songs and stories about the clergy rival, in license, the facetiæ of Rabelais and Beroalde de Verville, and to judge by the manner in which all the ceremonies of the Church are parodied in the old pieces, one would hardly think that the Inquisition ever existed.

Talking of baths, I will here relate a little incident which proves that the thermal art, carried to

so high a degree of perfection by the Arabs, has lost much of its former splendor in Granada. Our guide took us to some baths that appeared very well managed, the rooms being situated round a patio shaded by a covering of vine-leaves, while a large reservoir of very limpid water occupied the greater part of the patio. So far all was well; but of what do you think the baths themselves were made? of copper, zinc, stone, or wood? Not a bit of it; you are wrong. I will tell you at once, for you will never guess: they were enormous clay jars, like those made to hold oil. These novel baths were about two-thirds buried in the ground. Before potting ourselves in them we had the inside covered with a clean cloth, a piece of precaution which struck the attendant as something so extremely strange, and which astonished him so profoundly, that we were obliged to repeat the order several times before he would obey it. He explained this whim of ours to his own satisfaction by shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head in a commiserative manner as he pronounced in a low voice the one word: *Inglese.* There we sat, squatted down in our oil jars, with our heads stuck out at the top, like peasants *en terrine,* cutting rather grotesque figures. It was on this occasion that I understood for the first time the story of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,* which had always struck me as being rather difficult to believe, and had made me for an instant doubt the veracity of the "Thousand and One Nights."

There are also, in the Albaycin, some old Moorish baths, and a pond covered over with a vaulted roof, pierced by a number of little holes in the shape of stars, but they are not in working order, and you can get nothing but cold water.

This is about all that is to be seen at Granada, during a stay of some weeks. Public amusements

are scarce. The treater is closed during the the summer; the bull-fights do not take place at any fixed periods; there are no clubs or establishments of this description, and the Lyceum is the only place where it is possible to see the French and other foreign papers. On certain days, there is a meeting of the members, when they read papers on various subjects as well as poetry, besides singing and playing pieces, generally written by some young author of the company.

Every one employs his time, most conscientiously, in doing nothing. Gallantry, cigarettes, the manufacture of quatrains and octaves, and especially card-playing, are found sufficient to fill up a man's existence very agreeably. In Granada you see nothing of that furious restlessness, that necessity for action and change of place, which torments the people of the north. The Spanish struck me as being very philosophical. They attach hardly any importance to national life, and are totally indifferent about comfort. The thousand factitious wants, created by the civilization of northern countries, appear to them puerile and troublesome refinements. Not having to protect themselves continually against the climate, the advantages of the English home have no attractions in their eyes. What do people who would cheerfully pay for a breeze or a draught of air, if they could obtain such a thing, care whether or not the windows close properly? Favored by a beautiful sky, they have reduced human existence to its simplest expression: this sobriety and moderation in everything enables them to enjoy a large amount of liberty, a state of extreme independence; they have time enough to live, which we cannot say that we have. Spaniards cannot understand how a man can labor first in order to rest afterwards. They very much prefer pursuing an opposite course, and I think that by so doing they

show their superior sense. A workman who has earned a few reals leaves his work, throws his fine embroidered jacket over his shoulders, takes his guitar and goes and dances, or makes love to the *majas* of his acquaintance until he has not a single *cuarto* left: he then returns to his employment. An Andalusian can live splendidly for three or four sous a day; for this sum he can have the whitest bread, an enormous slice of watermelon, and a small glass of anisee, while his lodgings cost him nothing more than the trouble of spreading his cloak upon the ground under some portico or the arch of some bridge. As a general rule, Spaniards consider work something humiliating, and unworthy of a freeman, which, in my opinion, is a natural and very reasonable idea, since Heaven, wishing to punish man for his disobedience, found no greater infliction than the obliging him to gain his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. Pleasures procured, as ours are, by dint of labor, fatigue, and mental anxiety and perseverance, strike Spaniards as being bought much too dearly. Like all people who lead a simple life, approaching a state of nature, they possess a correctness of judgment which makes them despise the artificial enjoyments of society. Any one coming from Paris or London, those two whirlpools of devouring activity, of feverish and unnaturally excited energy, is greatly surprised by the mode of life of the people of Granada,—a mode of life that is all leisure, filled up with conversation, siestas, promenades, music and dancing. The stranger is astonished at the happy calmness, the tranquil dignity of the faces he sees around him. No one has that busy look which is noticeable in the persons hurrying through the streets of Paris. Every one strolls leisurely along, choosing the shady side of the street, stopping to chat with his friends, and betraying no desire to arrive at his destination in the shortest possi-

ble time. The certitude of not being able to make money extinguishes all ambition: there is no chance of a young man making a brilliant career. The most adventurous among them go to Manila or Havana, or enter the army, but on account of the piteous state of the public finances they sometimes wait for years without hearing anything about pay. Convinced of the inutility of exertion, Spaniards do not endeavor to make fortunes, for they know that such things are quite out of the question; and they therefore pass their time in a delightful state of idleness, favored by the beauty of the country and the heat of the climate.

I saw nothing of Spanish pride; nothing is so deceptive as the reputation bestowed on individuals and nations. On the contrary, I found them exceedingly simple-minded and good-natured; Spain is the true country of equality, if not in words, at least in deeds. The poorest beggar lights his *papelito* at the *puro* of a powerful nobleman, who allows him to do so without the slightest affection of condescension; a marchioness will step with a smile over the bodies of the ragged vagabonds who are slumbering across the threshold, and when traveling will not make a face if compelled to drink out of the same glass as the *mayoral,* the *zagul,* and the *escopetero* of the diligence. Foreigners find great difficulty in accustoming themselves to this familiarity, especially the English, who have their letters brought upon salvers, and take them with tongs. An Englishman traveling from Seville to Jeres, told his *calesero* to go and get his dinner in the kitchen, The *calesero,* who, in his own mind, thought he was honoring a heretic very highly by sitting down at the same table with him, did not make the slightest remark, but concealed his rage as carefully as the villain in a melodrama; but about three or four leagues from Jeres, in the midst of a frightful

desert, full of quagmires and bushes, he threw the Englishman very neatly out of the vehicle, shouting to him as he whipped on his horse: "My lord, you did not think me worthy of sitting at your table, and I, Don Jose Balbrino Bustamente y Orosco, do not think you good enough to sit on the seat in my calesin. Good evening!"

The servants, both male and female, are treated with a gentle familiarity very different from our affected civility, which seems, every moment, to remind them of the inferiority of their condition. A short example will prove the truth of this assertion. We had gone to a party given at the country house of the Señora * * *; in the evening there was a general desire to have a little dancing, but there were a great many more ladies than gentlemen present. To obviate this difficulty, the Señora * * * sent for the gardener and another servant, who danced the whole evening without the least awkwardness, false bashfulness, or servile forwardness, but just as if they had been on a perfect equality with the rest of the company. They invited, in turn, the fairest and most noble ladies present, and the latter complied with their request in the most graceful manner possible. Our democrats are very far from having attained this practical equality, and our most determined Republicans would revolt at the idea of figuring in a quadrille, opposite a peasant or a footman.

Of course, there are a great many exceptions to these remarks, as there are to all other generalities. There are, doubtless, many Spaniards who are active, laborious, and sensible to all the refinements of life, but what I have said conveys the general impression felt by a traveler after a stay of some little time,—an impression which is often more correct than that of a native observer, who is less struck by the novelty of the various circumstances.

ASCENT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA

(From "Travels in Spain")

As our curiosity was satisfied with regard to Granada and its buildings, we resolved, from having had a view of the Sierra Nevada at every turn we took, to become more intimately acquainted with it, and endeavor to ascend the Mulhacen, which is the most elevated point of the range. Our friends at first attempted to dissuade us from this project, which was really attended with some little danger, but, on seeing that our resolution was fixed, they recommended us a huntsman whose name was Alexandro Romero, as a person thoroughly acquainted with the mountains, and possessing every qualification to act as guide. He came and saw us at our *casa de pupilos,* and his manly, frank physiognomy immediately prepossessed us in his favor. He wore an old velvet waistcoat, a red woolen sash, and white linen gaiters, like those of the Valencians, which enabled you to see his clean-made nervous legs, tanned like Cordovan leather. Alpargatas of twisted rope served him for shoes, while a little Andalusian hat, which had grown red from exposure to the sun, a carbine and a powder-flask, slung across his shoulder, completed his costume. He undertook to make all the necessary preparations for our expedition, and promised to bring, at three o'clock next morning, the four horses we required, one for my traveling companion, one for myself, a third for a young German who had joined our caravan, and a fourth for our servant, who was intrusted with the direction of the culinary department. As for Romero, he was to walk. Our provisions consisted of a ham, some roast fowls, some chocolate, bread, lemons, sugar, and a large leathern sack called a *bota,* filled with excellent Val-de-Penas, which was the principal article in the list.

At the appointed hour the horses were before our house, while Romero was hammering away at the door with the butt-end of his carbine. Still scarcely awake, we mounted our steeds, and the procession set forth, our guide running on beforehand to point out the road. Although it was already light, the sun had not risen, and the undulating outlines of the smaller hills, which we had passed, were spread out all around us, cool, limpid and blue, like the waves of an immovable ocean. In the distance, Granada had disappeared beneath the vaporized atmosphere. When the fiery globe at last appeared on the horizon, all the hill-tops were covered with a rosty tint, like so many young girls at the sight of their lovers, and appeared to experience a feeling of bashful confusion at the idea of having been seen in their morning *déshabille*. The ridges of the mountains are connected with the plain by gentle slopes, forming the first table-land which is easily accessible. When we reached this place, our guide decided that we should allow our horses a little breathing time, give them something to eat, and breakfast ourselves. We ensconced ourselves at the foot of a rock, near a little spring, the water of which was as bright as a diamond, and sparkled beneath the emerald-colored grass. Romero, with all the dexterity of an American savage, improvised a fire with a handful of brushwood, while Louis prepared some chocolate, which with the addition of a slice of ham and a draught of wine, composed our first meal in the mountains. While our breakfast was cooking, a superb viper passed beside us, and appeared surprised nd dissatisfied at our installing ourselves on his estate, a fact that he gave us to understand by impolitely hissing at us, for which he was rewarded by a sturdy thrust with a sword-stick through the stomach. A little bird that had watched the proceedings very attentively, no sooner

saw the viper disabled, than it flew up with he feathers of its neck standing on end, its eyes all fire, and flapping its wings, and piping in a strange state of exultation. Every time that any portion of the venomous beast writhed convulsively the bird shrunk back, soon returning to the charge, however, and pecking the viper with its beak, after which it would rise in the air three or four feet. I do not know what the serpent could have done, during its lifetime, to the bird, or what was the feeling of hatred we had gratified by killing the viper, but it is certain that I never beheld such an amount of delight.

We once again set out. From time to time we met a string of little asses coming down from the higher parts of the mountains with their load of snow, which they were carrying to Granada for the day's consumption. The drivers saluted us as they passed by, with the time-honored "Vayan Ustedes con Dios," and we replied by some joke about their merchandise, which would never accompany them as far as the city, and which they would be obliged to sell to the official who was entrusted with the duty of watering the public streets.

We were always preceded by Romero, who leaped from stone to stone with the agility of a chamois, and kept exclaiming *Bueno camino* (a good road). I should certainly very much like to know what the worthy fellow would call a bad road, for, as far as I was concerned, I could not perceive the slightest signs of any road at all. To our right and left, as far as the eye could distinguish, yawned delightful abysses, very blue, very azure, and very vapory, varying in depth from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, a difference, however, about which we troubled ourselves very little, for a few dozen fathoms, more or less, made very little difference in the matter. I recollect with a shudder a certain pass,

three or four pistol-shots long, and two broad,—a sort of natural plank running between two gulfs. As my horse headed the procession, I had to pass first over this kind of tight-rope, which would have made the most determined acrobats pause and reflect. At certain points there was just enough weight for my horse's feet, and each of my legs was dangling over a separate abyss. I sat motionless in my saddle, as upright as if I had been balancing a chair on the end of my nose. This pass, which took us a few minutes to traverse, struck me as particularly long.

When I quietly reflect on this incredible ascent I am lost in surprise, as at the remembrance of some incoherent dream. We passed over spots where a goat would have hesitated to have set its foot, and scaled precipices so steep that the ears of our horses touched our chins. Our road lay between rocks and blocks of stone, which threatened to fall down upon us every moment, and in zigzags along the edge of the most frightful precipices. We took advantage of every favorable opportunity, and although advancing slowly, we still advanced, gradually approaching the goal of our ambition,—namely, the summit, that we had lost sight of since we had been in the mountains, because each separate piece of table-land hides the one above it.

Every time our horses stopped to take breath we turned round in our saddles to contemplate the immense panorama formed by the circular canvas of the horizon. The mountain tops which lay below us looked as if they had been marked out in a large map. The Vega of Granada, and all Andalusia, presented the appearance of an azure sea, in the midst of which a few white points that caught the rays of the sun, represented the sails of the different vessels. The neighboring eminences that were completely bare, and cracked and split from top

to bottom, were tinged in the shade a green-ash color, Egyptian blue, lilac, and pearl-gray, while in the sunshine they assumed a most admirable and warm hue similar to that of orange peel, tarnished gold, or a lion's skin. Nothing gives you so good an idea of a chaos, of a world still in the course of creation, as a mountain range seen from its highest point. It seems as if a nation of Titans had been endeavoring to build a sacrilegious Babel, some prodigious *Lylac* or other; that they had heaped together all the materials and commenced the gigantic terraces, when suddenly the breath of some unknown being had, like a tempest, swept over the temples and palaces they had begun, shaking their foundations and leveling them with the ground. You might fancy yourself amidst the ruins of an antediluvian Babylon, a pre-Adamite city. The enormous blocks, the Pharaoh-like masses, awaken in your breast thoughts of a race of giants that has now disappeared, so visible is the old age of the world written in deep wrinkles on the bald front and rugged face of these millennial mountains.

We had reached the region inhabited by the eagles. Several times, at a distance, we saw one of these noble birds perched upon a solitary rock, with its eye turned toward the sun, and immersed in that state of contemplative ecstasy which with animals replaces thought. There was one of them floating at an immense height above us, and seemingly motionless in the midst of a sea of light. Romero could not resist the pleasure of sending him a visiting card in the shape of a bullet. It carried away one of the large feathers of his wing, but the eagle, nothing moved, continued on his way with indescribable majesty, as if nothing had happened. The feather whirled round and round a long time before reaching the earth; it was picked up by Romero, who stuck it in his hat.

Thin streaks of snow now began to show themselves, scattered here and there, in the shade; the air became more rarified and the rocks more steep and precipitous; soon afterwards the snow appeared in immense sheets and enormous heaps which the sun was no longer strong enough to melt. We were above the sources of the Gruil, which we perceived like a blue riband frosted with silver, streaming down with all possible speed in the direction of its beloved city. The table-land on which we stood is about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest spot in the range with the exception of the peak of Veleta and the Mulhacen, which towers another thousand feet towards the immeasurable height of heaven. On this spot Romero decided that we should pass the night. The horses, who were worn out with fatigue, were unsaddled; Louis and the guide tore up a quantity of brushwood, roots, and juniper plants to make a fire, for although in the plain the thermometer stood at thirty or thirty-five degrees, there was a freshness on the heights we then occupied, which we knew would settle down into intense cold as soon as the sun had set. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon; my companion and the young German determined to take advantage of the daylight that remained, to scale alone and on foot the last heights of the mountain. For my own part, I preferred stopping behind; my soul was moved by the grand and sublime spectacle before me, and I busied myself with scribbling in my pocket-book sundry verses, which, if not well turned, had at least the merit of being the only alexandrines composed at such an elevation. After my strophes were finished, I manufactured some soebets with snow, sugar, lemon and brandy, for our dessert. Our encampment presented rather a picturesque appearance; our saddles served us for seats, and our cloaks for

a carpet, while a large heap of snow protected us from the wind. A fire of broom blazed brightly in the center, and we fed it by throwing in, from time to time, a fresh branch, which shrivelled up and hissed, darting out its sap in little streams of all colors. Above us the horses stretched forward their thin heads, with their sad, gentle eyes, and caught an occasional puff of warmth.

Night was rapidly approaching. The least elevated mountains were the first to sink into obscurity, and the light, like a fisherman flying before the rising tide, leaped from peak to peak, retiring to the highest in order to escape from the shade which was advancing from the valleys beneath and burying everything in its bluish waves. The last ray which stopped on the summit of the Mulhacen hesitated for an instant, then spreading out its golden wings, winged its way like some birds of flame into the depths of heaven and disappeared. The obscurity was now complete, and the increased brilliancy of our fire caused a number of grotesque shadows to dance out upon the sides of the rocks. Eugene and the German had not returned, and I began to grow anxious on their account; I feared that they might have fallen down some precipice, or been buried beneath some mass of snow. Romero and Louis already requested me to sign a declaration to the effect that they had neither murdered nor robbed the two worthy gentlemen, and that, if the latter were dead, it was their own fault.

Meanwhile, we tore our lungs to pieces by indulging in the most shrill and savage cries, to let them know the position of our wigwam, in case they should not be able to perceive the fire. At last the report of firearms, which was hurled back by all the echoes of the mountains, told us that we had been heard, and that our companions were but a short distance off,—in fact, at the expiration of a few

minutes, they made their appearance, fatigued and worn out, asserting that they had distinctly seen Africa on the other side of the ocean; it is very possible they had done so, for the air of these parts is so pure that the eye can perceive objects at the distance of thirty or forty leagues. We were all very merry at supper, and by dint of playing the bagpipes with our skin of wine, we made it almost as flat as the wallet of a Castilian beggar. It was agreed that each of us should sit up in turn to attend the fire, an arrangement which was faithfully carried out, but the circumference of our circle, which was at first pretty considerable, kept becoming smaller and smaller. Every hour the cold became more intense, and at last we literally laid ourselves in the fire itself, so as to burn our shoes and pantaloons. Louis gave vent to his feelings in loud exclamation; he bewailed his *gaspacho* (cold garlic soup), his house, his bed, and even his wife. He made himself a formal promise, by everything he reverenced, never to be caught a second time attempting an ascent; he asserted that mountains are far more interesting when seen from below, and that a man must be a maniac to expose himself to the chance of breaking every bone in his body a hundred thousand times, and having his nose frozen off in the middle of the month of August, in Andalusia, and in sight of Africa. All night long he did nothing but grumble and groan in the same manner, and we could not succeed in reducing him to silence. Romero said nothing, and yet his dress was made of thin linen, and all that he had to wrap round him was a narrow piece of cloth.

At last the dawn appeared; we were enveloped in a cloud, and Romero advised me to begin our descent, if we wished to reach Granada before night. When it was sufficiently light to enable us to distinguish the various objects, I observed that Eugene

was as red as a lobster nicely boiled, and at the same moment he made an analogous observation with respect to me, and did not feel himself bound to conceal the fact. The young German and Louis were also equally red; Romero alone had preserved his peculiar tint, which resembled, by the way, that of a boot-top, and although his legs of bronze were naked, they had not undergone the slightest alteration. It was the biting cold, and the rarefaction of the air that had turned us this color. Going up a mountain is nothing, because you look at the objects above you; but coming down with the awful depths before your eyes, is quite a different affair. At first the thing appeared impracticable, and Louis began screeching like a jay who is being picked alive. However, we could not remain forever in the Mulhacen, which is as little adapted for the purpose of habitation as any place in the known world, and so, with Romero at our head, we began our descent. It would be impossible, without laying ourselves open to the charge of exaggeration, to convey any notion of the paths, or rather the absence of paths, by which our dare-devil of a guide conducted us; never more break-neck obstacles crowded together in the course marked out for any steeplechase, and I entertain strong doubts as to whether the feats of any "gentleman riders" ever outrivaled our exploits on the Mulhacen. The *Montagnes Russes* were mild declivities in comparison to he precipices with which we had to do. We were almost constantly standing up in our stirrups, and leaning back over the cruppers of our horses, in order to avoid performing an incessant succession of parabolas over their heads. All the lines of perspective seemed jumbled together; the streams appeared to be flowing up towards their source, the rocks vacillated and staggered on their bases, and the most distant objects appeared to be only two

paces off; we had lost all feeling of proportion, an effect which is very common in the mountains, where the enormous size of the masses, and the vertical position of the different ranges, do not allow of your judging distances in the ordinary manner.

In spite of every difficulty we reached Granada without our horses having even made one false step, only they had got but one shoe left among them all. Andalusian horses—and ours were of the most authentic description—cannot be equalled for mountain traveling. They are so docile, so patient, and so intelligent, that the best thing the rider can do is to throw the reins on their necks and let them follow their own impulse.

We were impatiently expected, for our friends in the city had seen our fire burning like a beacon on the table-land of Mulhacen. I wanted to go and give an account of perilous expedition to the charming Señoras B———, but was so fatigued that I fell asleep on a chair, holding my stocking in my hand, and I did not wake before ten o'clock the following morning, when I was still in the same position. Some few days afterwards we quitted Granada, sighing quite as deeply as ever King Boabdil did.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Richard Watson Gilder, poet and editor, was born at Bordentown, N. J. He served in the Civil War, and later became managing editor of the Newark *Advertiser*. He edited *Scribner's Monthly*, and since 1881 has been editor of the *Century*. He has received honorary degrees from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Dickenson College. His poetical works include "The Celestial Passion," "Lyrics," "Two Worlds," "The Great Remembrance," and "In Palestine." His poems deal, for the most part, with nature and life in the gentler moods. He is a writer of lyrics. The musical cadence of his poems is always conspicuous.

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

MUSIC IN DARKNESS

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I

AT the dim end of day
I heard the great musician play:
Saw her white hands now slow, now swiftly pass;
Where gleamed the polished wood, as in a glass
The shadow hands repeating every motion.
Then did I voyage forth on music's ocean,
Visiting many a sad or joyful shore
Where storming breakers roar,
Or singing birds make music so intense,
So intimate of happiness or sorrow,
I scarce could courage borrow
To hear those strains; well-nigh I hurried thence
To escape the intolerable weight
That on my spirit fell when sobbed the music: late, too late, too late,
While slow withdrew the light
And on the lyric tide came in the night.

II

So grew the dark, enshrouding all the room
In a melodious gloom,
Her face growing viewless. Line by line
That swaying form did momently decline
And was in darkness lost.
Then white hands ghostly turned, though still they tost
From tone to tone; pauseless and sure as if in perfect light,
With blind, instinctive, most miraculous sight,
On, on they sounded in that world of night.

III

Ah, dearest one, was this thy thought, as mine,
As still the music stayed?
So shall the loved ones fade,
Feature by feature, line on lovely line.
For all our love, alas!
From twilight into darkness shall they pass.
We in that dark shall see them never more,
But from our spirits they shall not be banished,
For on and on shall the sweet music pour
That was the soul of them, the loved, the vanished;
And we, who listen, shall not lose them quite
In that mysterious night.

A MIDSUMMER SONG

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OH, father's gone to market-town, he was up before the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen-door is calling with a will:
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there comes a summer sound—
A murmur as of waters from skies and trees and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo:
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a thousand blossoms bloom.
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose.
"But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop its clatter!
The farmer's wife is listening now and wonders what's the matter.
Oh, wild the birds are singing in the wood and on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill.
"But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

JOHANN W. GOETHE

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, born in Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1749; died in 1832. His is the supreme name in German literature. He was a precocious being; by the time he was ten he wrote in several languages, invented stories and showed considerable knowledge of art. Later he mastered the leading branches of learning, which accomplishment is reflected in his foremost literary productions. He seemed at home in both prose and poetry. He wrote ballads and dramas with equal facility, and finally produced "Faust," justly regarded as one of the greatest poems of modern times. In fiction, "Wilhelm Meister" crowned his fame on that side of his literary activity. Goethe's career must be regarded as one of the most enviable in all literature.

FAUSTUS

Faustus. River and rivulet are freed from ice,
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
Green are the fields with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless, but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white,
Mocking a little while the coming bloom;
Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,
In anger impotent, the earth's green robe;
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow,—
Everywhere life—everywhere vegetation—
All nature animate with glowing hues;
Or, if one spot be touch'd not by the spirit
Of the sweet season, there in colors rich
As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses!
Turn round, and from this height look back upon

The town; from its black dungeon gate forth pours,
In thousand parties, the gay multitude,
All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!
All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,
And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere
A resurrection too—so changed are they,
So raised above themselves. From chambers damp
Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
Laborious—from the workyard and the shop—
From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
And the oppression of confining streets,
And from the solemn twilight of dim churches—
All are abroad—all happy in the sun.
Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
Through fields and gardens they disperse themselves!
How the wide water, far as we can see,
Is joyous with innumerable boats!
See, there, one almost sinking with its load
Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top paths
Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!
And hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!
Oh! happiness like this is real heaven!
The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—
Here may I feel that I too am a man!

Wagner. Doctor, to be with you is creditable—
Instructive too: but never would I loiter
Here by myself—I hate these coarse amusements:
Fiddlers, and clamorous throats, and kettle drums,
Are to my mind things quite intolerable:
Men rave, as if possess'd by evil spirits,
And call their madness joy and harmony!

(*Peasants dancing and singing.*)

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd
In ribands, wreath, and Sunday vest;
All were dancing full of glee,
Underneath the linden tree!
'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

Soon he runs to join the rest;
Up to a pretty girl he press'd;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Press'd her hand: with feign'd surprise,
Up she raised her timid eyes!
"'Tis strange that you should use me so,
So, so—heigh-ho—
'Tis rude of you to use me so."
All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowns and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grow red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking arm-in-arm.
Slow, slow, heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!
"And do not make so free," she said,
"I fear that you may never wed;
Men are cruel"—and he press'd
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark! again, the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden tree.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow!

Old Peasant. This, doctor, is so kind of you,
A man of rank and learning too;
Who, but yourself, would condescend
Thus with the poor, the poor man's friend,
To join our sports? In this brown cheer
Accept the pledge we tender here,
A draught of life may it become,
And years, on years, oh! may you reach,
As cheerful as the beads of foam,
As countless, too, a year for each!

Faustus. Blest be the draught restorative!
I pledge you—happy may you live!

The people collect in a circle round him.

* * * * * * *

Faustus. A few steps farther, and we reach yon stone;
Here sit we down and rest after our walk;—
Here have I often sate in thoughtful mood
Alone—and here in agonies of prayer,
And fast, and vigil—rich in hope—in faith
Unwavering—sought with tears and sighs, and hands
Wringing in supplication, to extort
From Him in heaven that he would stay that plague.
These praises come upon my ear like scorn—
Oh, could you read the secrets of this heart,
You then would see how little we deserved,
Father or son, the thanks of these poor people.
My father, a reserved and moody man,
Not without pride, felt by himself and others,
Living almost alone, held strange opinions
Tinged with the hues of his peculiar mind,
And, therefore, even the more indulged and cherish'd.
Thus fanciful, and serious in his fancies,
O'er nature and her consecrated circles,
That with vain interdict sought to oppose,
Oft would he try his wild experiments:
In his black cell with crucible and fire
(One or two adepts his sole company)
He toil'd; and, following many a quaint receipt,
Would force rebellious metals to obey,
And in indissoluble union link
Antagonists irreconcilable.
There, passionate adorer, the Red Lion
With the White Lily, in a tepid bath
Was strangely wedded—and his silver bride
And he from chamber hurried on to chamber,
Tortured and tried with many a fiery pang,
Suffer'd together, till in colored light,
Ascending in the glass, shone the Young Queen:

This was our medicine—they who took it died,
None asked, or thought of asking, who recover'd.
Thus have we with out diabolic mixture,
In these sweet valleys, 'mong these quiet hills,
Been guests more fatal than the pestilence.
I have myself to thousands given this poison,
They wither'd and are dead—and I must live,
I, who have been their death, must live to hear
This lavish praise on the rash murderers.

Wagner. How can this be so painful? Can a man
Do more than practise what his own day knows—
All that thy father taught must have been heard,
By thee, as by a young man learning then—
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
When thy time came to teach, thou didst enlarge
The field of science; and thy son, who learns
From thee, will for himself discoveries make,
Greater than thine, perhaps—yet but for thine
Impossible. If this be so, why grieve?

Faustus. Oh, he, indeed, is happy, who still feels,
And cherishes within himself, the hope
To lift himself above this sea of errors!
Of things we know not, each day do we find
The want of knowledge—all we know is useless:
But 'tis not wise to sadden with such thoughts
This hour of beauty and benignity:
Look yonder, with delighted heart and eye,
On those low cottages that shine so bright
(Each with its garden plot of smiling green),
Robed in the glory of the setting sun!
But he is parting—fading—day is over—
Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.
Oh, for a wing to raise me up from earth,
Nearer, and yet more near, to the bright orb,
That unrestrain'd I still might follow him!
Then should I see, in one unvarying glow
Of deathless evening, the reposing world
Beneath me—the hills kindling—the sweet vales,

Beyond the hills, asleep in the soft beams;
The silver streamlet, at the silent touch
Of heavenly light, transfigured into gold,
Flowing in brightness inexpressible!
Nothing to stop or stay my godlike motion!
The rugged hill, with its wild cliffs, in vain
Would rise to hide the sun; in vain would strive
To check my glorious course; the sea already,
With its illumined bays, that burn beneath
The lord of day, before the astonish'd eyes
Opens its bosom—and he seems at last
Just sinking—no—a power unfelt before—
An impulse indescribable succeeds!
Onward, entranced, I haste to drink the beams
Of the unfading light—before me day—
And night left still behind—and overhead
Wide heaven—and under me the spreading sea!—
A glorious vision, while the setting sun
Is lingering! Oh, to the spirit's flight,
How faint and feeble are material wings!
Yet such our nature is that when the lark,
High over us, unseen, in the blue sky
Thrills his heart-piercing song, we feel ourselves
Press up from earth, as 'twere in rivalry;—
And when above the savage hill of pines,
The eagle sweeps with outspread wings—and when
The crane pursues, high off, his homeward path,
Flying o'er watery moors and wide lakes lonely!

Wagner. I too, have had my hours of reverie,
But impulse such as this I never felt.
Of wood and fields the eye will soon grow weary;
I'd never envy the wild birds their wings.
How differnt are the pleasures of the mind;
Leading from book to book, from leaf to leaf,
They make the nights of winter bright and cheerful;
They spread a sense of pleasure through the frame,
And when you see some old and treasured parch-
ments,

All heaven descends to your delighted senses!

Faustus. Thy heart, my friend, now knows but one desire;
Oh, never learn another! in my breast,
Alas! two souls have taken their abode,
And each is struggling there for mastery!
One to the world, and the world's sensual pleasures,
Clings closely, with scarce separable organs:
The other struggles to redeem itself,
And rise from the entanglements of earth—
Still feels its true home is not here—still longs
And strives—and would with violence regain
The fields, its own by birthright—realms of light
And joy, where—man in vain would disbelieve
The instincts of his nature, that confirm
The loved tradition—dwelt our sires of old,
If—as 'tis said—spirits be in the air,
Moving with lordly wings, 'tween earth and heaven,
And if, oh if ye listen when we call,
Come from your golden "incense-breathing" clouds,
Bear me away to new and varied life!
Oh, were the magic mantle mine, which bore
The wearer at his will to distant lands,
How little would I prize the envied robes
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

Wagner. Venture not thus to invoke the well-known host,
Who spread, a living stream, through the waste air,
Who watch industriously man's thousand motions,
Forever active in the work of evil.
From all sides pour they on us: from the north,
With thrilling hiss, they drive their arrowy tongues;
And speeding from the parching east, they feed
On the dry lungs, and drink the breath of life;
And the south sends them forth, at middle day,
From wildernesses dry and desolate,
To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain;
And from the west they flow, a cloudy deluge,

That, like the welcome shower of early spring,
First promises refreshment and relief,
Then rushing down, with torrents ruinous,
Involves in one unsparing desolation .
Valley, and meadow-field, and beast, and man.
Ready for evil, with delight they hear,
Obey man's bidding to deceive his soul.
Like angel-ministers of Heaven they seem,
And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.
But let's away—the sky is gray already,
The air grows chill—the mist is falling heavy—
At evening *home's* the best place for a man!

* * * * * * *

THE POET'S YEAR

EVERY author, in some degree, portrays himself in his works, even be it against his will. In this case, he is present to us, and designedly; nay, with a friendly alacrity, sets before us his inward and outward modes of thinking and feeling; and disdains not to give us confidential explanations of circumstances, thoughts, views, and expressions, by means of appended notes.

And now, encouraged by so friendly an invitation, we draw nearer to him; we seek him by himself; we attach ourselves to him, and promise ourselves rich enjoyment, and manifold instruction and improvement.

In a level northern landscape we find him, rejoicing in his existence, in a latitude in which the ancients hardly expected to find a living thing.

And truly, Winter there manifests his whole might and sovereignty. Storm-borne from the Pole, he covers the woods with hoar-frost, the streams with ice;—a drifting whirlwind eddies

around the high gables, while the poet rejoices in the shelter and comfort of his home, and cheerily bids defiance to the raging elements. Furred and frost-covered friends arrive, and are heartily welcomed under the protecting roof; and soon they form a cordial confiding circle, enliven the household meal by the clang of glasses, the joyous song, and thus create for themselves a moral summer.

We then find him abroad, and braving the inclemencies of the wintry heaven. When the axle-tree creaks heavily under the load of fire-wood—when even the footsteps of the wanderer ring along the ground—we see him now walking briskly through the snow to the distant dwelling of a friend; now joining a sledge-party, gliding, with tinkling bells, over the boundless plain. At length a cheerful inn receives the half-frozen travelers; a bright flickering fire greets them as they crowd around the chimney; dance, choral song, and many a warm viand are reviving and grateful to youth and age. But when the snow melts under the returning sun, when the warmed earth frees itself somewhat from its thick covering, the poet hastens with his friends into the free air, to refresh himself with the first living breath of the new year, and to seek the earliest flowers. The bright golden clover is gathered, bound into bunches, and brought home in triumph, where this herald of the future beauty and bounty of the year is destined to crown a family festival of Hope.

And when Spring herself advances, no more is heard of roof and hearth; the poet is always abroad, wandering on the soft pathways around his peaceful lake. Every bush unfolds itself with an individual character, every blossom bursts with an individual life, in his presence. As in a fully worked-out picture, we see, in the sun-light around him, grass and herb, as distinctly as oak and beech-

tree; and on the margin of the still waters there is wanting neither the reed nor any succulent plant.

Here his companions are not those transforming fantasies, by whose impatient power the rock fashions into the divine maiden, the tree puts off its branches and appears to allure the hunter with its soft lovely arms. Rather wanders the poet solitary, like a priest of nature; touches each plant, each bush, with gentle hand; and hallows them members of a loving harmonious family.

Around him, like a dweller in Eden, sport harmless, fearless creatures—the lamb on the meadows, the roe in the forest. Around him assemble the whole choir of birds, and drown the busy hum of day with their varied accents.

Then, at evening, towards night, when the moon climbs the heaven in serene splendor, and sends her flickering image curling to his feet on the surface of the lightly ruffled waters; when the boat rocks softly, and the oar gives its measured cadence, and every stroke calls up sparkles of reflected light; when the nightingale pours forth her divine song from the shore, and softens every heart; then do affection and passion manifest themselves in happy tenderness: from the first touch of a sympathy awakened by the Highest himself, to that quiet, graceful, timid desire, which flourishes within the narrow inclosure of domestic life. A heaving breast, an ardent glance, a pressure of the hand, a stolen kiss, give life to his song. But it is ever the affianced lover that is emboldened; it is ever the betrothed bride that yields; and thus does all that is ventured, and all that is granted, bend to a lawful standard; though within that limit, he permits himself much freedom.

Soon, however, he leads us again under the free heavens; into the green; to bower and bush; and there is he most cheerfully, cordially, and fondly at home.

The Summer has come again; a genial warmth breathes through the poet's song. Thunders roll; clouds drop showers; rainbows appear; lightnings gleam; and a blessed coolness overspreads the plain. Everything ripens; the poet overlooks none of the varied harvests; he hallows all by his presence.

And here is the place to remark what an influence our poets might exercise on the civilization of our German people—in some places, perhaps, have exercised.

His poems on the various incidents of rural life, indeed, do represent rather the reflections of a refined intellect than the feelings of the common people; but if we could picture to ourselves that a harper were present at the hay, corn, and potato harvests,—if we recollected how he might make the men whom he gathered around him observant of that which recurs to them as ordinary and familiar; if by his manner of regarding it, by his poetical expression, he elevated the common, and heightened the enjoyment of every gift of God and nature by his dignified representation of it, we may truly say he would be a real benefactor to his country. For the first stage of a true enlightenment is, that man should reflect upon his condition and circumstances, and be brought to regard them in the most agreeable light. Let the song of the potato be sung in the field, where the wondrous mode of increase, which calls even the man of science to high and curious meditation, after the long and silent working and interweaving of vegetable powers, comes to view, and a quite unintelligible blessing springs out of the earth; and then first will be felt the merit of this and similar poems, in which the poet essays to awaken the rude, reckless, unobservant man, who takes everything for granted, to an attentive observation of the high wonders of all-nourishing nature, by which he is constantly surrounded.

But scarcely are all these bounties brought under man's notice, when Autumn glides in, and our poet takes an affecting leave of nature, decaying, at least in outward appearance. Yet he abandons not his beloved vegetation wholly to the unkind winter. The elegant vase receives many a plant, many a bulb, wherewith to create a mimic summer in the home seclusion of winter, and, even at that season, to leave no festival without its flowers and wreaths. Care is taken that even the household birds belonging to the family should not want a green fresh roof to their bowery cage.

Now is the loveliest time for short rambles,—for friendly converse in the chilly evening. Every domestic feeling becomes active; longings for social pleasures increase; the want of music is more sensibly felt; and now, even the sick man willingly joins the friendly circle, and a departing friend seems to clothe himself in the colors of the departing year.

For as certainly spring will return after the lapse of winter, so certainly will friends, lovers, kindred meet again; they will meet again in the presence of the all-loving Father; and then first will they form a whole with each other, and with every thing good, after which they sought and strove in vain in this piece-meal world. And thus does the felicity of the poet, even here, rest on the persuasion that all have to rejoice in the care of a wise God, whose power extends unto all, and whose light lightens upon all. Thus does the adoration of such a Being create in the poet the highest clearness and reasonableness; and, at the same time, an assurance that the thoughts, the words, with which he comprehends and describes infinite qualities, are not empty dreams and sounds; and thence arises a rapturous feeling of his own and others' happiness, in which everything conflicting, peculiar, discordant, is resolved and dissipated.

SONG

(From Goethe's "Faust")

MY peace is vanish'd,
My heart is sore;
I shall find it never,
And never more!

Where *he* is not
Is like a tomb;
And the sunniest spot
Is turned to gloom.

My aching head
Will burst with pain—
And the sense has fled
My wilder'd brain.

I look through the glass
Till my eyes are dim;
The threshold I pass
Alone for *him*.

His lofty step,
And his forehead high,
His winning smile,
And his beaming eye!

His fond caress,
So rich in bliss!
His hand to press—
And ah! his kiss!—

My peace is vanish'd,
My heart is sore;
I shall find it never,
And never more!

WHAT SONGS ARE LIKE

SONGS are like painted window-panes:
In darkness wrapped, the Church remains,
If from the market-place we view it:
Thus sees the ignoramus through it.
No wonder that he deems it tame,—
And all his life 'twill be the same.

But let us now inside repair,
And greet the holy Chapel there!
At once the whole seems clear and bright,
Each ornament is bathed in light,
And fraught with meaning to the sight.
God's children! thus your fortune prize,
Be edified, and feast your eyes.

YOUTH AND AGE

(From Goethe, Æt. 77)

WHEN I was still a youthful wight,
So full of enjoyment and merry,
The painters used to assert in spite,
That my features were small—yes, very;
Yet then full many a beauteous child
With true affection upon me smiled.

Now as a graybeard I sit here in state,
By street and by lane held in awe, sirs;
And may be seen, like old Frederick the Great,
On pipebowls, on cups, and on saucers.
Yet the beauteous maidens, they keep afar;
O vision of youth! O golden star!

THE BOY AND THE PUPPETS

(Wilhelm Meister ; translation of Carlyle)

IN well-adjusted and well-regulated houses—continued Wilhelm Meister—children have a feeling not unlike what I conceive rats and mice to have; they keep a sharp eye on all crevices and holes where they may come at any forbidden dainty; they enjoy it also with a fearful, stolen satisfaction, which forms no small part of the happiness of childhood. More than any other of the young ones, I was in the habit of looking out attentively to see if I could notice any cupboard left open, or key standing in its lock. The more reverence I bore in my heart for these closed doors, on the outside of which I had to pass by for weeks and months, catching only a furtive glance when our mother now and then opened the consecrated place to take something from it, the quicker was I to make use of any opportunities which the forgetfulness of our housekeeper at times afforded me.

Among all the doors that of the store-room was of course the one which I watched most narrowly. Few of the joyful anticipations in life can equal the feeling which I used to have when my mother happened to call me that I might help her to carry out anything, after which I might pick up a few dried plums, either with her kind permission, or by help of my own dexterity. The accumulated treasures of this chamber took hold of my imagination by their magnitude; the very fragrance exhaled by so multifarious a collection of sweet-smelling spices produced such a craving effect on me that I never failed, when passing near, to linger for a little, and regale myself on the unbolted atmosphere. At length, one Sunday morning, my mother, being hurried by the ringing of the church-bells, forgot to take the precious key with her on shutting the door,

and went away, leaving all the house in a deep Sabbath stillness. No sooner had I marked this oversight than, gliding softly once or twice to and from the place, I at last approached very gingerly, opened the door, and felt myself, after a single step, in immediate contact with these manifold and long-wished for means of happiness. I glanced over glasses, chests and bags, and drawers and boxes, with a quick and doubtful eye, considering what I ought to choose and take; turned finally to my dear withered plums, provided myself also with a few dried apples, and completed the forage with an orange chip.

I was quietly retreating with my plunder when some little chests, lying one over another, caught my attention—the more so as I noticed a wire, with hooks at the end of it, sticking through the joints of the lid in one of them. Full of eager hopes, I opened this singular package; and judge of my emotions, when I found my glad world of heroes all sleeping within. I meant to pick out the topmost, and having examined them, to pull up those below. But in this attempt the wires got very soon entangled, and I fell into a fright and flutter, more particularly as the cook just then began making some stir in the kitchen, which lay close by; so that I had nothing for it but to squeeze the whole together the best way I could, and to shut the chest, having stolen from it nothing but a little written book which happened to be lying above, and contained the whole drama of Goliath and David, which I had twice seen enacted by these puppets. With this booty I made good my retreat into the garret.

Henceforth all my stolen hours of solitude were devoted to perusing the play, to learning it by heart, and picturing in thought how glorious it would be, could I but get the figures to make them move

along with it. In idea, I myself became David and Goliath by turns. In every corner of the court-yard, of the stables, of the garden, under all kinds of circumstances, I labored to stamp the whole piece upon my mind; laid hold of all the characters, and learned their speeches by heart, most commonly, however, taking up the parts of the chief personages, and allowing all the rest to move along with them—but as satellites—across my memory. Thus day and night the heroic words of David, wherewith he challenged the braggart giant Goliath of Gath, kept their place in my thoughts. I often muttered them to myself, while no one gave heed to me except my father, who frequently observing some such detached exclamation, would in secret praise the excellent memory of his boy that had retained so much from only two relations. By this means, growing always bolder, I one evening repeated the entire piece before my mother, whilst I was busied in fashioning some bits of wax into players. She observed it, questioned me hard, and I confessed.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Oliver Goldsmith, one of the most famous of British poets, novelists and dramatists, was born at Pallas, Ireland, in 1728; died in London in 1774. He attended the University of Dublin, studied for the church, then became a tutor and finally went to Holland, in order to study medicine. He traveled on foot about the Continent, fiddling for his board and lodging. In 1756 he drifted to London and began to write. His work was accepted by the newspapers, and was collected under the title of a "Citizen of the World." "The Vicar of Wakefield," his best novel, printed in 1769, gives a vivid picture of social conditions in the rural England of his day, and still holds its place in libraries, and on the counters of the bookseller. His best poem is "The Deserted Village"; his best comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

MOSES AT THE FAIR

(From the "Vicar of Wakefield")

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"Now, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the

fair,—trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat of that cloth called thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck ! good luck !" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he heard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied.

"Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into one of the families of the great; but when once one gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep."

"Never mind our son," cried my wife: "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze you. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler.

"Welcome! welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting his box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings, and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she: "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings, and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again: "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,"—pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green, paltry spectacles?"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion. "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, four shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper silvered over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong: he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff. If I had them I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for, though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an opportunity pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavored to take advantage of every disappointment to improve their

good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition.

"You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side,—the rich having the pleasure, the poor the inconveniences, that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a giant and a dwarf were friends and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant, coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then traveled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before, but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant and married him. They now traveled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant for the first time, was foremost now, but the dwarf was not

far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf was now without a leg, an arm, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, 'My little hero, this is glorious sport: let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honor forever.' 'No,' cries the dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, 'no; I declare off; I'll fight no more, for I find, in every battle, that you get all the honors and rewards, but all the blows fall on me.'"

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

(From "The Deserted Village")

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge,
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still;

While words of learnéd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD

(From "The Vicar of Wakefield," Chap. I)

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population.

From this motive, I had scarcely taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivance.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the trav-

eler or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them to find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood,* they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we had generally very happy, friends about us: for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated: and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveler, or the poor dependent, out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enchance the value of its favors. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon

got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the support of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his soverign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor.

Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who, during her pregnancy, had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia: so that we had two romantic names in the family: but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country."—"Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as heaven made them,—handsome enough,

if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first: but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE

GOOD people all, with one accord
Lament for Madame Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
The doctors found when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE"

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath their spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,

The young contending, as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a village stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;

There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that loved to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmur fluctuates in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy blush of life is fled. . . .
Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place,
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart has learned to prize—
More bent to raise the wicked than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.
But in his duty prompt at every call,

He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's joy exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. . . .

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard Mirth and smiling Toil retired.
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:—
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,

The varnished clock that ticked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when Winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain, transitory splendor! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. . .

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Betwixt a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore,
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss: The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied:—
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds,
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth
His seat, where solitary spoils are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendor, feebly waits its fall. . . .

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decrees
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy.
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down, they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done.
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessels spread the sail
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move—a melancholy band;
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And Piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet poetry—thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade—
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame!
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so!
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!
Farewell! and oh, where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side—
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow—
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
And slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,

Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away,
While self-dependent power can Time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

FROM "THE TRAVELER; OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY"

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;

My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
  Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
  When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amid the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
  As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amid the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.
  But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind.
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

Ulysses S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, in 1822; died at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., in 1885. His career as a general and statesman are too well known to be given here, even in brief. During the last few months of his life he wrote his great autobiography. It will always hold a place in American historical writing, as its author was in the very vortex of political and military affairs during the greatest crisis of this country's existence. It is written in a straightforward style, and illumined with interesting incidents of the Civil War, and pen pictures of its great figures.

GRANT'S COURTSHIP

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At West Point I had a classmate,—in the last year of our studies he was roommate also,—F. T. Dent, whose family resided some five miles west of Jefferson Barracks. Two of his unmarried brothers were living at home at that time, and as I had taken with me from Ohio my horse, saddle and bridle, I soon found my way out to White Haven, the name of the Dent estate. As I found the family congenial, my visits became frequent. There were at home, besides the young men, two daughters, one a school-miss of fifteen, the other a girl of eight or nine. There was still an older daughter of seventeen, who had been spending several years at a boarding-school in St. Louis, but who, though through school, had not yet returned

home. She was spending the winter in the city with connections, the family of Colonel John O'Fallon, well known in St. Louis. In February she returned to her country home. After that I do not know but my visits became more frequent: they certainly did become more enjoyable. We would often take walks, or go on horseback to visit the neighbors, until I became quite well acquainted in that vicinity. Sometimes one of the brothers would accompany us, sometimes one of the younger sisters. If the Fourth Infantry had remained at Jefferson Barracks it is possible, even probable, that this life might have continued for some years without my finding out that there was anything serious the matter with me; but in the following May a circumstance occurred which developed my sentiment so palpably that there was no mistaking it.

The annexation of Texas was at this time the subject of violent discussion in Congress, in the press, and by individuals. The administration of President Tyler, then in power, was making the most strenuous efforts to effect the annexation, which was indeed the great and absorbing question of the day. During these discussions the greater part of the single rifle regiment in the army—the Second Dragoons, which had been dismounted a year or two before, and designated "Dismounted Rifles"—was stationed at Fort Jessup, Louisiana, some twenty-five miles east of the Texas line, to observe the frontier. About the first of May the Third Infantry was ordered from Jefferson Barracks to Louisiana, to go into camp in the neighborhood of Fort Jessup, and there await further orders. The troops were embarked on steamers, and were on their way down the Mississippi within a few days after the receipt of this order. About the time they started I obtained a leave of absence for twenty days to go to Ohio to visit my parents.

I was obliged to go to St. Louis to take a steamer for Louisville or Cincinnati, or the first steamer going up the Ohio River to any point. Before I left St. Louis, orders were received at Jefferson Barracks for the Fourth Infantry to follow the Third. A messenger was sent after me to stop my leaving; but before he could reach me I was off, totally ignorant of these events. A day or two after my arrival at Bethel I received a letter from a classmate and fellow-lieutenant in the Fourth, informing me of the circumstances related above, and advising me not to open any letter post-marked St. Louis or Jefferson Barracks until the expiration of my leave, and saying that he would pack up my things and take them along for me. His advice was not necessary, for no other letter was sent to me. I now discovered that I was exceedingly anxious to get back to Jefferson Barracks, and I understood the reason without explanation from any one. My leave of absence required me to report for duty at Jefferson Barracks at the end of twenty days. I knew my regiment had gone up the Red River, but I was not disposed to break the letter of my leave; besides, if I had proceeded to Louisiana direct, I could not have reached there until after the expiration of my leave. Accordingly, at the end of the twenty days I reported for duty to Lieutenant Ewell, commanding at Jefferson Barracks, handing him at the same time my leave of absence. After noticing the phraseology of the order—leaves of absence were generally worded, "at the end of which time he will report for duty with his proper command"—he said he would give me an order to join my regiment in Louisiana. I then asked for a few days' leave before starting, which he readily granted. This was the same Ewell who acquired considerable reputation as a Confederate general during the Rebellion. He was a

man much esteemed, and deservedly so, in the old army, and proved himself a gallant and efficient officer in two wars—both, in my estimation, unholy.

I immediately procured a horse and started for the country, taking no baggage with me, of course. There is an insignificant creek, the Gravois, between Jefferson Barracks and the place to which I was going, and at that day there was not a bridge over it from its source to its mouth. There is not water enough in the creek at ordinary stages to run a coffee-mill, and at low water there is none running whatever. On this occasion it had been raining heavily, and when the creek was reached I found the banks full to overflowing, and the current rapid. I looked at it a moment to consider what to do. One of my superstitions had always been when I started to go anywhere, or do anything, not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished. I have frequently started to go to places where I had never been and to which I did not know the way, depending upon making inquiries on the road, and if I got past the place without knowing it, instead of turning back, I would go on until a road was found turning in the right direction, take that, and come in by the other side. So I struck into the stream, and in an instant the horse was swimming and I being carried down by the current. I headed the horse towards the other bank and soon reached it, wet through and without other clothes on that side of the stream. I went on, however, to my destination and borrowed a dry suit from my (future) brother-in-law. We were not of the same size, but the clothes answered every purpose until I got more of my own.

Before I returned I mustered up courage to make known, in the most awkward manner imaginable, the discovery I had made on learning that the Fourth Infantry had been ordered away from Jef-

ferson Barracks. The young lady afterwards admitted that she, too, although until then she had never looked upon me other than as a visitor whose company was agreeable to her, experienced a depression of spirits she could not account for when the regiment left. Before separating, it was definitely understood that at a convenient time we would join our fortunes, and not let the removal of a regiment trouble us. This was in May, 1844. It was the 22d of August, 1848, before the fulfillment of this agreement. My duties kept me on the frontier of Louisiana with the Army of Observation during the pendency of annexation; and afterwards I was absent through the war with Mexico, provoked by the action of the army, if not by the annexation itself. During that time there was a constant correspondence between Miss Dent and myself, but we only met once in the period of four years and three months. In May, 1845, I procured a leave for twenty days, visited St. Louis, and obtained the consent of the parents for the union, which had not been asked for before.

THE MEETING BETWEEN GRANT AND LEE

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WHEN I left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword—as I usually was when on horseback on the field—and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were

in the room during the whole of the interview. . . . General Lee was dressed in a full uniform, which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value—very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one which would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit—the uniform of a private, with the straps of a lieutenant-general—I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly; but from the difference between our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference between our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting.

After the conversation had run on in this way for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter. Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I

proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the terms. . . .

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side-arms.

No conversation—not one word—passed between General Lee and myself either about private property, side-arms, or kindred subjects. When he read over that part of the terms about side-arms, horses, and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army. . . . The much-talked-of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back—this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side-arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms, precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses. . . . Lee and I separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own line; and all went into bivouac for the night at Appomattox.

SOME RESULTS OF THE WAR

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THE war has made us a nation of great power and intelligence. We have but little to do to preserve peace, happiness, and prosperity at home, and the respect of other nations. Our experience ought to teach us the necessity of the first; our power secures the latter.

I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be a great harmony between the Federal and the Confederate. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seemed to me the beginning of the answer to "Let us have peace." The expressions of these kindly feelings were not restricted to a section of the country, nor to a division of the people.

I am not egotist enough to suppose all this significance should be given because I was the object of it. But the war between the States was a very bloody and a very costly war. One side or the other had to yield principles they deemed dearer than life before it could be brought to an end. I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side. I was—no matter whether deservedly or not—a representative of that side of the controversy. It is a significant and gratifying fact that Confederates should have joined heartily in this spontaneous move. I hope the good feeling inaugurated may continue to the end.

THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY, English poet, was born in London in 1716; died 1771. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and became a friend of Horace Walpole. In 1758 he was made Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He was a classical scholar, an antiquarian, and lover of science. Of his poems the best are "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," "The Bard," "Ode to Adversity," and "The Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." The last is one of the finest poems in the English language. It has an historical interest, also, as Wolf quoted it the night before he took Quebec.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

[The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the Brave, and idolize Success;
But more to Innocence their safety owe,
Than Power and Genius e'er conspired to bless.]

[Hark now the sacred calm that broods around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still, small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.]

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still—(erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked)—
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him
borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

["There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly press the ground."]

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a
friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her Henry's holy shade!
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  Her silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
  Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
  The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave

With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which inthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign.
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind;
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Their buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
And show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band;
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind.
Disdainful Anger, pallied Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, DRYDEN

FAR from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears."
Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy,
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

JACOB LUDWIG GRIMM, born at Hanover, Germany, in 1785; died in Berlin in 1863; and his brother, WILHELM KARL, born in 1786; died in Berlin in 1859, hold a unique place in literature. While each wrote several works under his own name, it is the books that they produced in common that have given them fame, especially in countries outside of Germany. "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" stands as one of the finest works of its class. It is somewhat on the style of the Hans Christian Andersen stories. "The Wörterbuch," one of their best, was cut short by the death of the brothers.

THE CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP

A CAT, having made acquaintance with a Mouse, professed such great love and friendship for her that the Mouse at last agreed that they should live and keep house together.

"We must make provision for the winter," said the Cat, "or we shall suffer hunger; and you, little Mouse, must not stir out, or you will be caught in a trap."

So they took counsel together, and bought a pot of fat. And then they could not tell where to put it for safety; but after long consideration the Cat said there could not be a better place than the church, for nobody would steal it there; and they would put it under the altar, and not touch it until they were really in want. So this was done, and the little pot placed in safety. But before long the Cat was seized with a great wish to taste it.

"Listen to me, little Mouse," said he; "I have been asked by my cousin to stand godfather to a little son she has brought into the world. He is white with brown spots; and they want to have the christening to-day. So let me go to it, and you stay at home and keep house."

"Oh, yes, certainly," answered the Mouse; "pray go by all means. And when you are feasting on all the good things, think of me; I should so like a drop of the sweet red wine!"

But there was not a word of truth in all this. The Cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to stand godfather. He went to the church, straight up to the little pot, and licked the fat off the top; then he took a walk over the roofs of the town, saw his acquaintances, stretched himself in the sun, and licked his whiskers as often as he thought of the fat; and then, when it was evening, he went home.

"Here you are at last," said the Mouse; "I expect you had a merry time!"

"Oh, pretty well," answered the Cat.

"And what name did you give the child?" asked the Mouse.

"'Top-off,'" answered the Cat, dryly.

"'Top-off!'" cried the Mouse; "that is a singular and wonderful name! Is it common in your family?"

"What does it matter?" said the Cat. "It's not any worse than 'Crumb-picker,' like your godchild."

After this the Cat was again seized with a longing.

"Again I must ask you," said he, one day, "to do me a favor, and keep house alone for a day. I have been asked a second time to stand godfather; and as the little one has a white ring round its neck, I cannot well refuse."

So the kind little Mouse consented; and the Cat crept along by the town wall until he reached the

church, and going straight to the little pot of fat, devoured half of it.

"Nothing tastes so well as what one keeps to himself," said he, feeling quite content with his day's work.

When he reached home the Mouse asked what name had been given to the child.

"'Half-gone,'" answered the Cat.

"'Half-gone!'" cried the Mouse. "I never heard such a name in my life; I'll bet it is not to be found in the calendar."

Soon after that the Cat's mouth began to water again for the fat.

"Good things always come in threes," said he to the Mouse; "again I have been asked to stand godfather. The little one is quite black, with white feet, and not any white hair on its body. Such a thing does not happen every day; so you will let me go, won't you?"

"'Top-off,' 'Half-gone,'" murmured the Mouse; "they are such curious names, I cannot but wonder at them!"

"That's because you are always sitting at home," said the Cat, "in your little gray frock, and hairy tail, never seeing the world, and fancying all sorts of things."

So the little Mouse cleaned up the house and set it all in order. Meanwhile the greedy Cat went and made an end of the little pot of fat.

"Now all is finished, one's mind will be easy," said he, and came home in the evening, quite sleek and comfortable.

The Mouse asked at once what name had been given to the third child.

"It won't please you any better than the others," answered the Cat. "It is called 'All-gone.'"

"'All-gone!'" cried the Mouse. "What an unheard-of name! I never heard of anything like it.

What can it mean?" And, shaking her head, she curled herself round and went to sleep.

After that the Cat was not again asked to stand godfather. When the winter had come, and there was nothing more to be had out of doors, the Mouse began to think of their store.

"Come, Cat," said she; "we will fetch our pot of fat. How good it will taste, to be sure!"

"Of course it will," said the Cat; "just as good as if you stuck your tongue out of the window."

So they set out, and when they reached the place they found the pot, but it was standing empty.

"Oh, now I know what it all meant!" cried the Mouse; "now I see what sort of a partner you have been! Instead of standing godfather, you have devoured it all up; first 'Top-off,' then 'Half-gone,' then——"

"Will you hold your tongue?" screamed the Cat. "Another word and I'll devour you, too!"

And the poor little Mouse having "All-gone" on her tongue, out it came; and the Cat leaped on her, and made an end of her.

And that is the way of the world.

LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE

LONG ago there was a king and a queen. They said every day, "Oh, if we only had a child!" and still they never got one. Then it happened, when once the queen was bathing, that a frog crept ashore out of the water, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled. Before a year passes you shall bring a daughter into the world."

What the frog said, happened, and the queen had a little girl that was so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and made a great feast. He invited not only his relatives, friends, and ac-

quaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be gracious and kind to the child. Now, there were thirteen of them in his kingdom; but because he had only twelve gold plates for them to eat from, one of them had to stay at home. The feast was splendidly celebrated, and when it was over the wise women gave the child their wonderful gifts. One gave her virtue, another beauty, another wealth, and so with everything that people want in the world. But when eleven had spoken, suddenly the thirteenth came in. She wished to avenge herself, because she had not been asked; and without greeting or looking at any one, she cried out, "In her fifteenth year the king's daughter shall wound herself on a spindle, and fall down dead." And without saying another word, she turned around and left the hall. All were frightened. When the twelfth came up, who had her wish still to give, since she could not remove the sentence, but only soften it, she said, "Yet it shall not be a real death, but only a hundred years' deep sleep, into which the king's daughter shall fall."

The king, who wanted to save his dear child from harm, sent out an order that all the spindles in the kingdom should be burned. But in the girl the gifts of the wise women were all fulfilled; for she was so beautiful, good, kind, and sensible, that nobody who saw her could help loving her. It happened that just on the day when she was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and the little girl was left quite alone in the castle. Then she went wherever she pleased, looked in the rooms and chambers, and at last she got to an old tower. She went up the narrow winding stairs, and came to a little door. In the keyhole was a rusty key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, and spun busily her flax. "Good-day, Aunty," said the king's daughter; "what are you doing there?" "I

am spinning," said the old woman, and nodded. "What sort of a thing is that that jumps about so gaily?" said the girl. She took the spindle and wanted to spin, too. But she had hardly touched the spindle before the spell was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it.

At the instant she felt the prick she fell down on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep spread over all the castle. The king and queen, who had just come home and entered the hall, began to go to sleep, and all the courtiers with them. The horses went to sleep in the stalls, the dogs in the yard, the doves on the roof, the flies on the wall, yes, the fire that was flickering on the hearth grew still and went to sleep. And the roast meat stopped sputtering, and the cook, who was going to take the cook-boy by the hair because he had forgotten something, let him go and slept. And the wind was still, and no leaf stirred in the trees by the castle.

But all around the castle a hedge of briars grew, that got higher every year and at last surrounded the whole castle and grew up over it, so that nothing more could be seen of it, not even the flag on the roof. But the story went about in the country of the beautiful sleeping Briar-Rose (for so the king's daughter was called); so that from time to time kings' sons came and tried to get through the hedge into the castle. But they could not; for the briars, as though they had hands, clung fast together, and the young men stuck fast in them, could not get out again, and died a wretched death. After long, long years, there came again a king's son to that country, and heard how an old man told about the briar hedge; that there was a castle behind it, in which a wonderfully beautiful king's daughter called Briar-Rose had been sleeping for a hundred years, and that the king and the queen and all the court

were sleeping with her. He knew, too, from his grandfather that many kings' sons had already come and tried to get through the briar hedge, but had all been caught in it and died a sad death. Then the young man said, "I am not afraid. I will go and see the beautiful Briar-Rose." The good old man might warn him as much as he pleased; he did not listen to his words.

But now the hundred years were just passed, and the day was come when Briar-Rose was to wake again. So when the king's son went up to the briars, they were just great beautiful flowers that opened of their own accord and let him through unhurt; and behind him they closed together as a hedge again. In the yard he saw the horses and the mottled hounds lying and sleeping; on the roof perched the doves, their heads stuck under their wings; and when he came into the house the flies were sleeping on the wall, in the kitchen the cook still held up his hand as though to grab the boy, and the maid was sitting before the black hen that was to be plucked. Then he went further, and in the hall saw all the courtiers lying and sleeping, and upon their throne lay the king and the queen. Then he went further, and all was so still that you could hear yourself breathe; and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where Briar-Rose was sleeping. There she lay, and she was so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her; and he bent down and gave her a kiss. But just as he touched her with the kiss, Briar-Rose opened her eyes, awoke, and looked at him very kindly. Then they went downstairs together; and the king awoke, and the queen, and all the courtiers, and made great eyes at one another. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang about and wagged their tails, the doves on the roof pulled out their heads from under their wings, looked around and flew into

the field, the flies on the wall went on crawling, the fire in the kitchen started up and blazed and cooked the dinner, the roast began to sputter again, and the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he screamed, and the maid finished plucking the hen. Then the wedding of the king's son with Briar-Rose was splendidly celebrated, and they lived happy till their lives' end.

THE THREE SPINNERS

THERE was a lazy girl who would not spin; and her mother might say what she would, she could not make her do it. At last anger and impatience overcame the mother so that she struck the girl, and at that she began to cry aloud. Now, the queen was just driving by, and when she heard the crying she had the carriage stop, went into the house, and asked the mother why she beat her daughter so that one could hear the crying out on the street. Then the woman was ashamed to confess the laziness of her daughter, and said, "I cannot keep her from spinning. She wants to spin all the time, and I am poor and can't get the flax." Then the queen answered, "There is nothing I like to hear so much as spinning, and I am never happier than when the wheels hum. Let me take your daughter to the castle. I have flax enough. There she shall spin as much as she will."

The mother was well pleased at it, and the queen took the girl with her. When they came to the castle she took her up to three rooms, which lay from top to bottom full of the finest flax. "Now spin me this flax," said she, "and if you finish it you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Though you are poor, I don't mind that; your cheerful diligence is dowry enough." The girl was secretly frightened; for she

could not have spun the flax if she had lived three hundred years, and had sat at it every day from morning till evening. When she was alone she began to cry, and sat so three days without lifting a hand. On the third day the queen came, and when she saw that nothing was spun yet she was surprised; but the girl excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. The queen was satisfied with that, but she said as she went away, "To-morrow you must begin to work."

When the girl was alone again she did not know what to think or to do; and in her trouble she went up to the window, and there she saw three women coming along. The first had a broad paddle-foot, the second had such a big under-lip that it hung down over her chin, and the third had a broad thumb. They stopped before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was the matter. She told them her trouble. Then they offered her their help and said, "If you will invite us to your wedding, not be ashamed of us, and call us your cousins, and seat us at your table, too, then we will spin your flax up, and that quickly." "Gladly," said she; "come in and set to work immediately." So she let the three queer women in, and cleared a little space in the first room, where they could sit down and begin their spinning. One of them drew the thread and trod the wheel, the second wet the thread, the third twisted it and struck with her finger on the table; and as often as she struck, a skein of yarn fell to the floor, and it was of the finest. She hid the three spinners from the queen, and showed her as often as she came the pile of spun yarn, so that the queen could not praise her enough. When the first room was empty, they began on the second, and then on the third, and that was soon cleared up, too. Now the three women took their leave, and said to the girl,

"Do not forget what you promised us. It will be your good fortune."

When the girl showed the queen the empty rooms and the great heap of yarn, she prepared for the wedding; and the bridegroom was delighted to get such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her very much. "I have three cousins," said the girl; "and since they have been very kind to me, I should not like to forget them in my happiness. Permit me to invite them to the wedding and to have them sit with me at the table." The queen and the bridegroom said, "Why should not we permit it?" Now when the feast began, the three women came in queer dress, and the bride said, "Welcome, dear cousins." "Oh," said the bridegroom; "how did you get such ill-favored friends?" Then he went to the one with the broad paddle-foot and asked, "Where *did* you get such a broad foot?" "From the treadle," she answered, "from the treadle." Then the bridegroom went to the second and said, "Where *did* you get that hanging lip?" "From wetting yarn," she answered, "from wetting yarn." Then he asked the third, "Where *did* you get the broad thumb?" "From twisting thread," she answered, "from twisting thread." Then the king's son was frightened and said, "Then my fair bride shall never, never touch a spinning-wheel again." And so she was rid of the horrid spinning.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

Albert Gorton Greene, lawyer and poet, was born at Providence, R. I., in 1802; died at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1868. He attained a high place in the legal profession, and was attached to the Municipal Council of Providence for twenty-five years, and was a well-known judge. His best poems are those of a humorous character, as "Old Grimes." "The Baron's Last Banquet" strikes a loftier note and is very dramatic.

OLD GRIMES

OLD Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more:—
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true:—
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned:—
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:—
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind;
  In friendship he was true:—
His coat had pocket-holes behind;
  His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes,
  He passed securely o'er:—
And never wore a pair of boots
  For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
  Nor fears misfortune's frown:—
He wore a double-breasted vest;
  The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
  And pay it its desert:—
He had no malice in his mind,
  No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
  Was sociable and gay:—
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
  And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
  He did not bring to view:—
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
  As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
  His peaceful moments ran:—
And everybody said he was
  A fine old gentleman.

HAFIZ

Mohammed Shems ed Din Hafiz, Persian poet and philosopher, born about 1300; died in 1390. He was learned in the Koran and the traditions of Islam. His one work, "The Divan," is a collection of poems numbering five hundred and seventy-eight, both odes and elegies.

A PERSIAN SONG

(Translated by Sir Wm. Jones)

SWEET Maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,

New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom;
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please,
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Edward Everett Hale, American author and clergyman, was born at Boston, in 1822. He graduated from Harvard University and became pastor of a church in Worcester, Mass., later coming to the famous South Congregational Church, in Boston. His writings include novels, theological papers, travels and short stories. In the short story Dr. Hale is at his best, and it has been said by a prominent critic, that he has no equal in this branch of literature. His first work to bring him into prominence was "The Man Without a Country," and its popularity still holds.

MY DOUBLE AND HOW HE UNDID ME

IT is not often that I trouble the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I should not trouble them now, but for the importunities of my wife, who "feels to insist" that a duty to society is unfulfilled till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another Rasselas, I may teach a lesson to future publics from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behavior of my double, or, if you please, to that public pressure which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

I am, or rather was, a minister, of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick, on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a Western town in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I, and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our heart's content.

Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping. To be the confidential friend of a hundred families in the town—cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton says, "from the top of the whipped syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-cake, which is the foundation"—to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and to make both infinite by glimpses of the Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was, and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that besides the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the *Mayflower,* and putting into the fire the Alpenstock with which her father climbed Mont Blanc)—besides these, I say (imitating the style of Robinson Crusoe), there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs, handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly,

to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges." They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional—for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was a vague notion, which everybody had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Doctor Wigan on the "Duality of the Brain," hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. . . . But Doctor Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a Double.

I was at first singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls, when my destiny was fulfilled!

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of my height—five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do

I. His hands were large, and mine. And—choicest gift of Fate in all—he had, not "a strawberry-mark on his left arm," but a cut from a juvenile brick-bat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holly, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield, to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the judge, what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham, by as good right as I.

Oh, the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electro-plate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were; for though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, "like pulling teeth" to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air:

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

At first I had a feeling that I was going to be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful pageants which require a black dress coat and what the ungodly call, after Mr. Dickens, a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and cheaply as those of another Thalaba. And Polly declares there never was a year when the tailoring cost so little. He lived (Dennis, not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in the front of the house, I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife, in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for orders, with a red silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his dress-coat and spectacles off. If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I; and in the neighborhood there grew up an impression that the minister's Irishman worked daytimes in the factory village at New Coventry. After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-

seven are necessary to form a quorum. . . . At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each—wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum. At the first only eleven men were present; at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvassing by Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe. But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for four hours and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together.

But on the first appearance of my double—whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting—he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way—read the street signs ill through his spectacles (very ill, in fact, without them)—and had not dared to inquire. He entered the room—finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex-officio*, and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto*, the by-laws were suspended, and the Western property was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual—and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I. . . .

After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me—always

voting judiciously, by the simple rules mentioned above, of siding with the minority. And I meanwhile, who had been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the association of the body, began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham's a good fellow—always on hand;" "never talks much, but does the right thing at the right time;" "is not as unpunctual as he used to be—he comes early, and sits through to the end." "He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly," etc., etc.

. . . Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and, when he gave his great annual party to the town, asked us. I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's "Mystics," which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston. "But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges's, when they will be sure to ask why you are away!" Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis conjoined, let me off by saying that, if I would go in with her and sustain the initial conversations with the Governor and the ladies staying there, she would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper table—and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall. I made the grand star *entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls, who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses, and the girls never dreamed in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at

the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernanda; I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of D'Aulnay *vs.* Laconia Mining Company; I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, walked home after a nod with Dennis and tying the horse to a pump; and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in through the library into the Gorges's grand salon.

Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing as she recalls it—and says that single occasion was worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library door, and in an instant presented him to Doctor Ochterlony, from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her as Dennis came in. "Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population." And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a scowl from Polly, "I'm very glad you liked it." But Doctor Ochterlony did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation; Dennis listened like a prime minister, and bowing like a mandarin, which is, I suppose, the same thing. . . . So was it that before Doctor Ochterlony came to the "success," or near it, Governor Gorges came to Dennis and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request with he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room, I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her "in pity for poor Ingham," who was so bored by the stupid pundit—and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood it so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was

a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the Judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edgewise. "Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and camomile flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorff? There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you like it," said Dennis, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon. "Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all—except sometimes in summer a little currant shrub—from our own currants, you know. My own mother—that is, I call her my own mother, because, you know, I do not remember," etc., etc., etc.; till they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, when Dennis, rather confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4—"I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room" —which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens excepting to understand, caught him up instantly with, "Well, I'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you—though we do worship with the Methodists; but you know, Mr. Ingham," etc., etc., etc., till they move upstairs; and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said,

"There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

His great resource the rest of the evening was standing in the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants and details. This, indeed, if your words fail you, answers even in public extempore speech, but better where other talking is going on. Thus: "We missed you at the Natural History Society, Ingham." Ingham replies, "I am very gligloglum, that is, that you were mmmmm." By gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. "Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better." Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, "Thank you, ma'am; she is very reareson wewahwewoh," in lower and lower tones. And Mrs. Throckmorton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But, of course, she refused. At midnight they came home delighted—Polly, wild to tell me the story of the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, "Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening." . . .

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep, and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood!

Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia. He accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our street," or "our town," or "our country," or "our State," should be fully represented. . . .

Freed from these necessities, that happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-peddlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools, she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days—and in these of our log cabin again. But all this could not last, and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtasked in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. There is an excellent fellow—once a minister—I will call him Isaacs—who deserves well of the world till he dies, and after, because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it. In the world's great football match, the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he closed with it, "camped" it, charged it home—yes, right through the other side—not disturbed, not frightened by his own success—and breathless found himself a great man, as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the football has never come in his way again. From that moment to this moment

he has been of no use, that one can see, at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope he had arranged a "movement" for a general organization of the human family into Debating Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it—got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside (the saint! He ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law), and then came to get me to speak. "No," I said, "I would not speak if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke, it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the forks and the blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars, but I would not speak a mill." So poor Isaacs went his way sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after, he came back and told Polly that they promised to speak, the Governor would speak, and he himself would close with the quarterly report and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork. "Now, if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper—it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me." Polly, good soul! was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies—she knew Dennis was at home—and

she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me, and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned wild with excitement—in a perfect Irish fury—which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges's name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, really ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he.

The audience were disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said, "The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing the Ruy Lopez opening at the chess club.

"The Reverend Mr. Auchmuty will address you." Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school committee.

"I see Doctor Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Doctor Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak.

The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough.

A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out, "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried "Ingham!" "Ingham!" Still Isaacs was firm; but the Governor, anxious, indeed, to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said: "Our friend,

Mr. Ingham, is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps."

Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally.

But the people cried "Go on! Go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room." The Governor doubted his senses and crossed to stop him—not in time, however. The same gallery boy shouted, "How's your mother?" and Dennis, now completely lost, tried, as his last shot, No. 1, vainly: "Very well, thank you; and you?"

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like another Lockhard, chose "to make sicker."

The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so, stating that they were all dogs and cowards and the sons of dogs and cowards, that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the Misthress bade

me say," cried he in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the City Marshal, who had been called in, and the Superintendent of my Sunday-school.

The universal impression, of course, was that the Reverend Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I had been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. This number of the *Atlantic* will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No. My double has undone me.

We left town at seven the next morning. I came to No. 9, in the Third Range, and settled on the Minister's Lot. In the new towns in Maine, the first settled minister has a gift of a hundred acres of land. I am the first settled minister in No. 9. My wife and little Paulina are my parish. We raise corn enough to live on in summer. We kill bear's meat enough to carbonize it in winter. I work on steadily on my "Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries," which I hope to persuade Phillips, Sampson & Company to publish next year. We are very happy, but the world thinks we are undone.—*If, yes, and perhaps.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, born on the island of St. Nevis, West Indies, 1757; died in New York, 1804. This republic is profoundly indebted to him for his efforts to assist in founding the national government and for helping guide the ship of state in the administration of President Washington. Most of the articles of "The Federalist," which is to this day the best commentary on the Constitution, came from his pen. As Secretary of the Treasury he projected the systems of finance along which lines it has been conducted to this hour. History has assigned to Hamilton an almost peerless place as one of the most creative of statesmen.

THE FATE OF ANDRÉ

(From a letter to Col. Laurens)

NEVER, perhaps did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took, after his capture, was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it, was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous or interested purposes; asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor; that contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise: soliciting only that, to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed, due

to a person, who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable. His request was granted in its full extent; for, in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the Board of Officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which could even embarass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed everything that might involve others, he frankly confessed all the facts relating to himself; and, upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report. The members of it were not more impressed with the candor and firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behavior toward him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial, he said he flattered himself he had never been illiberal; but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him, (and I saw him several times during his confinement,) he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the general, for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton. "I foresee my fate," said he, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or that others should reproach

him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged, by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not, for the world, leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them; and with difficulty collected himself enough afterward to add: "I wish to be permitted to assure him, I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders." His request was readily complied with; and he wrote the letter annexed, with which I dare say you will be as much pleased as I am, both for the diction and sentiment.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, there was still a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference in his feelings; and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application, by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined, in both cases, to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

In going to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly, as he went along, to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion, "Must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added: "It will be but a momentary pang;" and, springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration and melted

the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had any thing to say, he answered, "Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world, that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed and universally regretted.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of André. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments; which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem: they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project, the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity: the clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues; and

gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it, through envy, and are more disposed, by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of André's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary, is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit André; while we could not but condemn him, if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame, that he once intended to prostitute a flag: about this, a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great; let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

Several letters from Sir Henry Clinton and others were received in the course of the affair, feebly attempting to prove, that André came out under the protection of a flag, with a passport from a general officer in actual service; and consequently could not be justly detained. Clinton sent a deputation, composed of Lieutenant-General Robinson, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. William Smith, to represent, as he said, the true state of Major André's case. General Greene met Robinson, and had a conversation with him; in which he reiterated the pretence of a flag; urged André's release as a personal favor to Sir Henry Clinton; and offered any friend of ours, in their power, in exchange. Nothing could have been more frivolous than the plea which was used. The fact was, that besides the time, manner, object of the interview, change of dress, and other circumstances, there was not a single formality customary with

flags; and the passport was not to Major André, but to Mr. Anderson. But had there been, on the contrary, all the formalities, it would be an abuse of language, to say, that the sanction of a flag for corrupting an officer to betray his trust ought to be respected. So unjustifiable a purpose would not only destroy its validity, but make it an aggravation. André, himself, has answered the argument, by ridiculing and exploding the idea, in his examination before the Board of Officers. It was a weakness to urge it.

There was, in truth, no way of saving him. Arnold, or he, must have been the victim: the former was out of our power.

It was by some suspected Arnold had taken his measures in such a manner, that if the interview had been discovered in the act it might have been in his power to sacrifice André to his own security. This surmise of double treachery made them imagine Clinton might be induced to give up Arnold for André; and a gentleman took occasion to suggest this expedient to the latter, as a thing that might be proposed by him. He declined it. The moment he had been capable of so much frailty, I should have ceased to esteem him.

The infamy of Arnold's conduct previous to his desertion is only equalled by his baseness since. Beside the folly of writing to Sir Henry Clinton, assuring him that André had acted under a passport from him, and according to his directions while commanding officer at a post; and that, therefore, he did not doubt, he would be immediately sent in; he had the effrontery to write to General Washington in the same spirit; with the addition of a menace of retaliation, if the sentence should be carried into execution. He has since acted the farce of sending in his resignation. . . .

To his conduct, that of the captors of André forms

a striking contrast. He tempted them with the offer of his watch, his horse, and any sum of money they should name. They rejected his offers with indignation: and the gold that could seduce a man high in the esteem and confidence of his country, who had the remembrance of past exploits, the motives of present reputation and future glory, to prop his integrity, had no charms for three simple peasants, leaning only on their virtue and an honest sense of their duty. While Arnold is handed down, with execration, to future times, posterity will repeat, with reverence, the names of Van Wart, Paulding, and Williams!

I congratulate you, my friend, on our happy escape from the mischiefs with which this treason was big. It is a new comment on the value of an honest man, and, if it were possible, would endear you to me more than ever.

"A NATION AT WAR WITH ITSELF"

IT has been observed, to coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. A failure of compliance will never be confined to a single State. This being the case, can we suppose it wise to hazard a civil war? Suppose Massachusetts, or any large State, should refuse, and Congress should attempt to compel them, would they not have influence to procure assistance, especially from those States which are in the same situation as themselves? What picture does this idea present to our view? A complying State at war wtih a non-complying State; Congress marching the troops of one State into the bosom of another; this State collecting auxiliaries, and forming, perhaps, a majority against its federal head. Here is a nation at war with itself. Can any reasonable man be well dis-

posed towards a government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself,—a government that can exist only by the sword? Every such war must involve the innocent with the guilty. This single consideration should be sufficient to dispose every peaceable citizen against such a government.

But can we believe that one State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream; it is impossible.—(New York Convention. 1788.)

NATHANIEL GREENE

AS a man, the virtues of Nathaniel Greene are admitted; as a patriot he holds a place in the foremost ranks; as a statesman he is praised; as a soldier he is admired. But in the two last characters—especially in the last but one—his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit in full day the vast—I had almost said the enormous powers of his mind. The termination of the American war—not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory—put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life cut him off from those scenes which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field. . . .

General Greene, descended from respectable parents, but not placed by birth in that elevated rank which, under a monarchy, is the only sure road to those employments that give activity and scope to abilities, must in all probability have contented him-

self with the humble lot of a private citizen—or at most with the contracted sphere of an elective office in a colonial and dependent government, scarcely conscious of the resources of his own mind—had not the violated rights of his country called him to act a part on a more splendid and more complete theatre. Happily for America he hesitated not to obey the call. The vigor of his genius, corresponding with the importance of the prize to be contended for, overcame the natural moderation of his temper; and though not hurried on by enthusiasm, but animated by the enlightened sense of the value of free government, he cheerfully resolved to stake his fortune, his hopes, his life, and his honor, upon an enterprise of the danger of which he knew the whole magnitude—in a cause which was worthy of the toils and the blood of heroes.

The sword having been appealed to at Lexington, as the arbiter of the controversy between Great Britain and America, Greene shortly after marched, at the head of a regiment, to join the American forces at Cambridge, determined to abide the awful decision. He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object of his confidence. His abilities entitled him to a pre-eminent share in the counsels of his chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amidst all the checkered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawnings of that bright day which afterward broke with such resplendent lustre; as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of that memorable winter, distinguished not more by these

events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity; in which skill supplied the place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country.

ON A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION

ASSUMING it, therefore, as an established truth, that, in cases of disunion, the several states or such combinations of them as might happen to be formed out of the wreck of the general confederacy, would be subject to those vicissitudes of peace and war, of friendship and enmity, with each other, which have fallen to the lot of all other nations not united under one government, let us enter into a concise detail of some of the consequences that would attend such a situation.

War between the states, in the first periods of their separate existence, would be accompanied with much greater distresses than it commonly is in those countries where regular military establishments have long obtained. The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have, notwithstanding, been productive of the singular advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with the chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Cam-

paignes are wasted in reducing two or three fortified garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighboring country almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now, a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede, and finally to frustrate, the purposes of one much more considerable. The history of war in that quarter of the globe is no longer a history of nations subdued, and empires overturned; but of towns taken and retaken, of battles that decide nothing, of retreats more beneficial than victories, of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontier of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous states would with little difficulty overrun their less populous neighbors. Conquests would be as easy to be made as difficult to be retained. War, therefore, would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would ever make the principal figure in events, and would characterize our exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought; though I confess it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will, after a time, give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel

nations the most attached to liberty to resort for repose and security to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they at length become willing to run the risk of being less free. The institutions chiefly alluded to are STANDING ARMIES, and the corresponding appendages of military establishments. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new constitution; and it is thence inferred that they would exist under it. This inference, from the very form of the proposition, is, at best, problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the confederacy. Frequent war and constant apprehension, which requires a state of constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker states or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves on an equality with their more potent neighbors. They would endeavor to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defence—by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would, at the same time, be obliged to strengthen the executive arm of government; in doing which their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is the nature of war to increase the executive at the expense of the legislative authority. The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the states, or confederacies, that made use of them, a superiority over their neighbors. Small states, or states of less natural strength, under vigorous governments, and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large states, or states of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride nor the safety of the important states, or confed-

eracies, would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to re-instate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should, in a little time, see estabilshed in every part of this country the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the old world. This, at least, would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard. These are not vague inferences, deduced from speculative defects in a constitution, the whole power of which is lodged in the hands of the people, or the representatives and delegates; they are solid conclusions, drawn from the natural and necessary progress of human affairs. . . .

If we are wise enough to preserve the union, we may for ages enjoy an advantage similar to that of an insulated situation. Europe is at a great distance from us. Her colonies in our vicinity will be likely to continue too much disproportioned in strength to be able to give us any dangerous annoyance. Extensive military establishments cannot, in this position, be necessary to our security. But, if we should be disunited, and the integral parts should either remain separated, or, which is most probable, should be thrown together into two or three confederacies, we should be, in a short course of time, in the predicament of the continental powers of Europe. Our liberties would be a prey to the means of defending ourselves against the ambition and jealously of each other.

This is an idea not superficial or futile, but solid and weighty. It deserves the most serious and mature consideration of every prudent and honest man of whatever party. If such men will make a firm and solemn pause, and meditate dispassion-

ately on its importance; if they will contemplate it in all its attitudes, and trace it to all its consequences, they will not hesitate to part with trivial objections to a constitution, the rejection of which would, in all probability, put a final period to the union. The airy phantoms that now flit before the distempered imaginations of some of its adversaries, would then quickly give place to more substantial prospects of dangers, real, certain, and extremely formidable.

BRET HARTE

FRANCIS BRET HARTE, born in Albany, N. Y., in 1839, died near Aldershot, England, in 1902. He won literary fame in San Francisco, where as a compositor on a newspaper he contributed sketches of far-Western life to the journal on which he worked. In a few years the East, as well as the West, was eagerly reading what he published. In the "Overland Monthly," of which he became editor, appeared "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," strokes of genius, which he never afterward surpassed. "The Heathen Chinee" is his best known poem.

JIM

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SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well,—no offence:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew,—
Blessed if you are!

Money?—Not much:
  That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.
  Rum? — I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him ?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes ?
Well, that is strange:
  Why, it's two year
  Since he came here
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us:
      Eh ?
The h— you say !
      Dead ?—
That little cuss ?

What makes you star,—
You over thar ?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar' ?
  It wouldn't take
  D— much to break
You and your bar.

      Dead !
Poor—little—Jim !
—Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,—
No-account men :
Then to take *him !*

Well, thar—Good-bye,—
No more, sir,—I—
Eh ?
What's that you say?—
Why, dern it !—sho !—
No ? Yes ! By Jo !
Sold !
Sold ! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim !

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

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WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft were the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise,
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre—the same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

DICKENS IN CAMP

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ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The rivers sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that droop'd and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropp'd from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gather'd faster
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seem'd to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listen'd in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wander'd and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropp'd from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost in that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell.

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel leaves entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers of Hawthorne's Works)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, born in Salem, Mass., 1804; died in 1864. America's preëminent romancer was this man, who gave his life to literature, and won fame only after many years of toil with the pen, amid discouraging circumstances. His earlier efforts, contributed to the magazines, were collected and published under the title of "Twice Told Tales." A few read and admired them, but that was all. Finally, in 1850, after having been deposed. from the Salem custom house, Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter," and the "Obscurest Man of Letters in America," as he once said of himself, stood out in the white light of renown. His other leading works are "The Blithedale Romance," "The Marble Faun," "Our Old Home," "The House of the Seven Gables" and "Mosses from an Old Manse." Beyond any question, Hawthorne's style is the nearest perfect of all our fiction writers.

THE SCARLET LETTER REVEALED

(From "The Scarlet Letter")

BY this time the preliminary prayer had been offered in the meeting-house, and the accents of the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale were heard commencing his discourse. An irresistible feeling kept Hester near the spot. As the sacred edifice was too much thronged to admit another auditor, she took up her position close beside the scaffold of the pillory. It was in sufficient proximity to bring the whole sermon to her ears, in the shape of an indis-

tinct but varied murmur and flow of the minister's very peculiar voice.

This vocal organ was in itself a rich endowment; insomuch that a listener, comprehending nothing of the language in which the preacher spoke, might still have been swayed to and fro by the mere tone and cadence. Like all other music, it breathed passion and pathos, and emotions high or tender, in a tongue native to the human heart, wherever educated. Muffled as the sound was by its passage through the church walls, Hester Prynne listened with such intentness, and sympathized so intimately, that the sermon had throughout a meaning for her, entirely apart from its indistinguishable words. These, perhaps, if more distinctly heard, might have been only a grosser medium, and have clogged the spiritual sense. Now she caught the low undertone, as of the wind sinking down to repose itself; then ascended with it, as it rose through progressive gradations of sweetness and power, until its volume seemed to envelope her with an atmosphere of awe and solemn grandeur. And yet, majestic as the voice sometimes became, there was forever in it an essential character of plaintiveness. A loud or low expression of anguish, the whisper, or the shriek, as it might be conceived, of suffering humanity, that touched a sensibility in every bosom! At times this deep strain of pathos was all that could be heard, and scarcely heard, sighing amid a desolate silence. But even when the minister's voice grew high and commanding; when it gushed irrepressibly upward; when it assumed its utmost breadth and power, so overfilling the church as to burst its way through the solid walls and diffuse itself in the open air, still, if the auditor listened intently, and for the purpose, he could detect the same cry of pain. What was it? The complaint of a human heart, sorrow-laden, perchance guilty, telling its secret,

whether of guilt or sorrow, to the great heart of mankind, beseeching its sympathy or forgiveness, at every moment, in each accent, and never in vain! It was this profound and continual undertone that gave the clergyman his most appropriate power.

During all this time Hester stood, statue-like, at the foot of the scaffold. If the minister's voice had not kept her there, there would nevertheless have been an inevitable magnetism on that spot, whence she dated the first hour of her life of ignominy. There was a sense within her—too ill-defined to be made a thought, but weighing heavily on her mind—that her whole orb of life, both before and after, was connected with this spot, as with the one point that gave it unity.

Little Pearl, meanwhile, had quitted her mother's side, and was playing at her own will about the market-place. She made the somber crowd cheerful by her erratic and glistening ray; even as a bird of bright plumage illuminates a whole tree of dusky foliage by darting to and fro, half seen and half concealed amid the twilight of the clustering leaves. She had an undulating, but, oftentimes, a sharp and irregular movement. It indicated the restless vivacity of her spirit, which to-day was doubtly indefatigable in its tipoe dance, because it was played upon and vibrated with her mother's disquietude. Whenever Pearl saw anything to excite her ever-active and wandering curiosity, she flew thitherward, and, as we might say, seized upon that man or thing as her own property, so far as she desired it, but without yielding the minutest degree of control over her motions in requital. The Puritans looked on, and, if they smiled, were none the less inclined to pronounce the child a demon offspring, from the indescribable charm of beauty and eccentricity that shone through her little figure, and sparkled with its activity. She ran and looked the wild Indian in the

face, and he grew conscious of a nature wilder than his own. Thence, with native audacity, but still with a reserve as characteristic, she flew into the midst of a group of mariners, the swarthy-cheeked wild men of the ocean, as the Indians were of the land; and they gazed wonderingly and admiringly at Pearl, as if a flake of the sea-foam had taken the shape of a little maid, and were gifted with a soul of the sea-fire, that flashes beneath the prow in the night-time.

One of these seafaring men—the shipmaster, indeed, who had spoken to Hester Prynne—was so smitten with Pearl's aspect that he attempted to lay hands upon her, with purpose to snatch a kiss. Finding it as impossible to touch her as to catch a humming-bird in the air, he took from his hat the gold chain that was twisted about it, and threw it to the child. Pearl immediately twined it around her neck and waist with such happy skill that, once seen there, it became a part of her, and it was difficult to imagine her without it.

"Thy mother is yonder woman with the scarlet letter," said the seaman. "Wilt thou carry a message from me?"

"If the message pleases me I will," answered Pearl.

"Then tell her," rejoined he, "that I spake again with the black-a-visaged, hump-shouldered old doctor, and he engages to bring his friend, the gentleman she wots of, aboard with him. So let thy mother take no thought, save for herself and thee. Wilt thou tell her this, thou witch-baby?"

"Mistress Hibbins says my father is the Prince of the Air!" cried Pearl, with a naughty smile. "If thou callest me that ill name I shall tell him of thee, and he will chase thy ship with a tempest."

Pursuing a zigzag course across the market-place, the child returned to her mother, and communicated

what the mariner had said. Hester's strong, calm, steadfastly enduring spirit almost sank at last on beholding this dark and grim countenance of an inevitable doom, which—at the moment when a passage seemed to open for the minister and herself out of their labyrinth of misery—showed itself, with an unrelenting smile, right in the midst of their path.

With her mind harrassed by the terrible perplexity in which the shipmaster's intelligence involved her, she was also subjected to another trial. There were many people present, from the country round about, who had often heard of the scarlet letter, and to whom it had been made terrific by a hundred false or exaggerated rumors, but who had never beheld it with their own bodily eyes. These, after exhausting other modes of amusement, now thronged about Hester Prynne with rude and boorish intrusiveness. Unscrupulous as it was, however, it could not bring them nearer than a circuit of several yards. At that distance they accordingly stood, fixed there by centrifugal force of the repugnance which the mystic symbol inspired. The whole gang of sailors, likewise, observing the press of spectators, and learning the purport of the scarlet letter, came and thrust their sunburnt and desperado-looking faces into the ring. Even the Indians were affected by a sort of cold shadow of the white man's curiosity, and, gliding through the crowd, fastened their snake-like eyes on Hester's bosom, conceiving, perhaps, that the wearer of this brilliantly embroidered badge must needs be a personage of high dignity among her people. Lastly, the inhabitants of the town (their own interest in this worn-out subject languidly reviving itself, by sympathy with what they saw others feel) lounged idly to the same quarter, and tormented Hester Prynne, perhaps more than all the rest, with their cool, well-

acquainted gaze at her familiar shame. Hester saw and recognized the self-same faces of that group of matrons, who had awaited her forthcoming from the prison-door, seven years ago—all save one, the youngest and only compassionate among them, whose burial robe she had since made. At the final hour, when she was so soon to fling aside the burning letter, it had strangely become the center of more remark and excitement, and was thus made to sear her breast more painfully than any time since the first day she put it on.

While Hester stood in that magic circle of ignominy, where the cunning cruelty of her sentence seemed to have fixed her forever, the admirable preacher was looking down from the sacred pulpit upon an audience whose very inmost spirits had yielded to his control. The sainted minister in the church! The woman of the scarlet letter in the market-place! What imagination would have been irreverent enough to surmise that the same scorching stigma was on them both!

* * * * * * *

The eloquent voice, on which the souls of the listening audience had been borne aloft as on the swelling waves of the sea, at length came to a pause. There was a momentary silence, profound as what would follow the utterance of oracles. Then ensued a murmur and half-hushed tumult, as if the auditors, released from the high spell that had transported them into the region of another's mind, were returning into themselves, with all their awe and wonder still heavy on them. In a moment more the crowd began to gush forth from the doors of the church. Now that there was an end, they needed other breath, more fit to support the gross and earthly life into which they relapsed, than that atmosphere which the preacher had converted into

words of flame, and had burdened with the rich fragrance of his thought.

In the open air their rapture broke into speech. The street and market-place absolutely babbled, from side to side, with applause of the minister. His hearers could not rest until they had told one another of what each knew better than he could tell or hear. According to their united testimony, never had man spoken in so wise, so high and so holy a spirit as he that spake this day; nor had inspiration ever breathed through mortal lips more evidently than it did through his. Its influence could be seen, as it were, descending upon him, and possessing him, and continually lifting him out of the written discourse that lay before him, and filling him with ideas that must have been as marvelous to himself as to his audience. His subject, it appeared, had been the relation between the Deity and the communities of mankind, with a special reference to the New England which they were here planting in the wilderness. And, as he drew towards the close, a spirit as of prophecy had come upon him, constraining him to its purpose as mightily as the old prophets of Israel were constrained, only with this difference that, whereas the Jewish seers had denounced judgments and ruin on their country, it was his mission to foretell a high and glorious destiny for the newly gathered people of the Lord. But, throughout it all, and through the whole discourse, there had been a deep, sad undertone of pathos, which could not be interpreted otherwise than as the natural regret of one soon to pass away. Yes, their minister whom they so loved—and who so loved them all that he could not depart heavenward without a sigh—had the foreboding of untimely death upon him, and would soon leave them in their tears! This idea of his transitory stay on earth gave the last emphasis to the effect which the

preacher had produced; it was as if an angel, in his passage to the skies, had shaken his bright wings over the people for an instant, and had shed down a shower of golden truths upon them.

Thus, there had come to the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale—as to most men, in their various spheres, though seldom recognized until they see it far behind them—an epoch of life more brilliant and full of triumph than any previous one, or than any which could hereafter be. He stood, at this moment, on the very proudest eminence of superiority, to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity, could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister occupied, as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit, at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast!

Now was heard again the clangor of music, and the measured tramp of the military escort, issuing from the church door. The procession was to be marshaled thence to the town-hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

Once more, therefore, the train of venerable and majestic fathers was seen moving through a broad pathway of the people, who drew back reverently, on either side, as the Governor and magistrates, the old and wise men, the holy ministers, and all that were eminent and renowned advanced into the midst of them. When they were fairly in the market-place, their presence was greeted by a shout. This —though doubtless it might acquire additional force and volume from the childlike loyalty which the age rewarded to its rulers—was felt to be an irrepressible outburst of enthusiasm kindled in the

auditors by that high strain of eloquence which was yet reverberating in their ears. Each felt the impulse in himself and, in the same breath, caught it from his neighbor. Within the church it had hardly been kept down; beneath the sky it pealed upward to the zenith. There were human beings enough, and enough of highly-wrought and symphonious feeling, to produce that more impressive sound than the organ tones of the blast, or the thunder, or the roar of the sea; even that mighty swell of many voices, blended into one great voice by the universal impulse which makes likewise one vast heart out of the many. Never, from the soil of New England, had gone up such a shout! Never, on New England soil, had stood the man honored by his mortal brethren as the preacher!

How fared it with him then? Were there not the brilliant particles of a halo in the air about his head? So etherealized by spirit as he was, and so apotheosized by worshipping admirers, did his footsteps, in the procession, really tread upon the dust of earth?

As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward all eyes were turned towards the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. The shout died into a murmur, as one portion of the crowd after another obtained a glimpse of him. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph! The energy—or say, rather, the inspiration which had held him up until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from Heaven—was withdrawn, now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow, which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek, was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelessly among the late-decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue;

it was hardly a man with life in him that tottered on his path so nervelessly, yet tottered, and did not fall.

One of his clerical brethren—it was the venerable John Wilson—observing the state in which Mr. Dimmesdale was left by the retiring wave of intellect and sensibility, stepped forward hastily to offer his support. The minister tremulously, but decidedly, repelled the old man's arm. He still walked onward, if that movement could be so described, which rather resembled the wavering effort of an infant with its mother's arms in view, outstretched to tempt him forward. And now, almost imperceptible as were the latter steps of his progress, he had come opposite the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold, where, long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne had encountered the world's ignominious stare. There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! And there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister here made a pause, although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward—onward to the festival!—but here he made a pause.

Bellingham for the last few moments had kept an anxious eye upon him. He now left his own place in the procession, and advanced to give assistance, judging, from Mr. Dimmesdale's aspect, that he must otherwise inevitably fall. But there was something in the latter's expression that warned back the magistrate, although a man not readily obeying the vague intimations that pass from one spirit to another. The crowd, meanwhile, looked on with awe and wonder. This earthly faintness was, in their view, only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and

brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven.

He turned towards the scaffold, and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the bird-like motion which was one of her characteristics flew to him, and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will, likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him. At this instant old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd—or, perhaps, so dark, disturbed, and evil was his look, he rose up out of some nether region—to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do! Be that as it might, the old man rushed forward and caught the minister by the arm.

"Madman, hold! What is your purpose?" whispered he. "Wave back that woman! Cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you! Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

"Ha, tempter! Methinks thou art too late!" answered the minister, encountering his eye, fearfully, but firmly. "Thy power is not what it was! With God's help, I shall escape thee now!"

He again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

"Hester Prynne," cried he, with a piercing earnestness, "in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace at this last moment to do what, for my own heavy sin and miserable agony, I withheld myself from doing seven years ago—come hither now and twine thy strength about

me! Thy strength, Hester, but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! This wretched and wronged old man is opposing it with all his might!—with all his own might and the fiend's. Come, hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity, who stood more immediately around the clergyman, were so taken by surprise, and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw—unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other—that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold, and ascend its steps, while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled, therefore, to be present at its closing scene.

"Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no place so secret, no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me, save on this very scaffold!"

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me thither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed, that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!"

"For thee and Pearl, be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which He hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life-matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure, as he stood out from all the earth, to put in his plea of guilty at the bar of Eternal Justice.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose over them, high, solemn and majestic, yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe, "ye that have loved me!—ye that have deemed me holy!—behold me here the one sinner of the world! At last! at last! I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood; here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from groveling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been—wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose—it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

It seemed at this point as if the minister must

leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed, but he fought back the bodily weakness, and, still more, the faintness of heart that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

"It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of fierceness, so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit; mournful, because so pure in a sinful world! and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death-hour, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle, while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold. Hester partly praised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou has escaped me!"

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, has deeply sinned!"

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," said he, feebly, and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child, "dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yonder, in the forest, but now thou wilt?"

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Towards her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe? Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest."

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke! the sin here so awfully revealed! Let those alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that, when we forgot our God, when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul, it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows, and He is merciful! He hath proved His mercy, most of all, in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By sending yonder dark and ter-

rible old man, to keep the torture always at red-heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting I had been lost forever! Praised be His name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

THE REVEREND ARTHUR DIMMESDALE

(From "The Scarlet Letter")

IN order to free his mind from this indistinctness and duplicity of impression, which vexed it with a strange disquietude, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale recalled and more and more thoroughly defined the plans which Hester Prynne and himself had sketched for their departure. It had been determined between them that the Old World, with its crowds and cities, offered them a more eligible shelter and concealment than the wilds of New England, or all America, with its alternatives of an Indian wigwam or the few settlments of Europeans, scattered thinly along the seaboard. Hester could take it upon herself to secure the passage of two individuals and a child, with all the secrecy which circumstances rendered more than desirable.

The minister had inquired of Hester, with no little interest, the precise time at which the vessel might be expected to depart. It would be on the fourth day from the present. "That is most fortunate," he had said to himself. The reason why Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale considered it so very fortu-

nate was because on the third day from the present he was to preach the Election Sermon; and as such an occasion formed an honorable epoch in the life of a New England clergyman, he could not have chanced upon a more suitable mode and time of terminating his official career. "At least, they shall say of me," thought this exemplary man, "that I leave no public duty unperformed nor ill performed!" Sad indeed that introspection so profound and acute as this poor minister's should be so miserably deceived! We have had, and still may have worse things to tell of him; but none, we apprehend, so pitiably weak; no evidence at once so slight and irrefragible of a subtle disease that had long since begun to eat into the real substance of his character. No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.

The excitement of Mr. Dimmesdale's feelings, as he returned from his interview with Hester, lent him unaccustomed physical energy, and hurried him townward at a rapid pace. As he drew near the town he took an impression of change from the series of familiar objects that presented themselves. It seemed not yesterday, not one, not two, but many days or even years ago, since he had quitted them. There was indeed each former trace of the street, as he remembered it, and all the peculiarities of the houses, with the due multitude of gables, peaks, and a weathercock at every point where his memory suggested one. Not the less, however, came this importunately recurring sense of change. The same was true as regarded the acquaintances whom he met, and all the well-known shapes of human life about the little town. They looked neither older nor younger now; the beards of the aged were no whiter, nor could the creeping babe of yesterday

walk on his feet to-day. It was impossible to describe in what respect they differed from the individuals on whom he had so recently bestowed a parting glance; and yet the minister's deepest sense seemed to inform him of their mutability. A similar impression struck him most remarkably as he passed under the walls of his own church. The edifice had so very strange and yet so familiar an aspect, that Mr. Dimmesdale's mind vibrated between two ideas: either that he had seen it only in a dream hitherto, or that he was merely dreaming about it now.

This phenomenon, in the various shapes which it assumed, indicated no external change, but so sudden and important change in the spectator of the familiar scene, that the intervening space of a single day had operated upon his consciousness like the lapse of years. The minister's own will, and Hester's will, and the fate that grew between them, had wrought this transformation. It was the same town as heretofore; but the same minister returned not from the forest. He might have said to the friends who greeted him, "I am not the man for whom you take me! I left him yonder in the forest, withdrawn into a secret dell, by a mossy tree-trunk, and near a melancholy brook! Go seek your minister, and see if his emaciated figure, his thin cheek, his white, heavy, pain-wrinkled brow, be not flung down there, like a cast-off garment!" His friends, no doubt, would still have insisted with him, "Thou art thyself the man!"—but the error would have been their own, not his.

Before Mr. Dimmesdale reached home, his inner man gave him other evidences of a revolution in the sphere of thought and feeling. In truth, nothing short of a total change of dynasty and moral code in that interior kingdom, was adequate to account for the impulses now communicated to the unfortu-

nate and startled minister. At every step he was impelled to do some strange, wild, wicked thing or other, with a sense that it would be at once involuntary and intentional; in spite of himself, yet growing out of a profounder self than that which opposed the impulse.

For instance: He met one of his own deacons. The good old man addressed him with the paternal affection and patriarchal privilege which his venerable age, his upright and holy character, and his station in the Church, entitled him to use; and, conjoined with this, the deep, almost worshiping respect which the minister's professional and private claims alike demanded. Never was there a more beautiful example of how the majesty of age and wisdom may comport with the obeisance and respect enjoined upon it, as from a lower social rank and inferior order of endowment, toward a higher. Now during a conversation of some two or three moments between the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale and this excellent and hoary-headed deacon, it was only by the most careful self-control that the former could refrain from uttering certain blasphemous suggestions that rose into his mind respecting the communion-supper. He absolutely trembled, and turned pale as ashes, lest his tongue should wag itself in utterances of those horrible matters, and plead his own consent for so doing, without his having fairly given it. And even with this terror in his heart, he could hardly avoid laughing to imagine how the sanctified old patriarchal deacon would have been petrified by his minister's impiety.

Again, another incident of the same nature: Hurrying along the street, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale encountered the eldest female member of his church; a most pious and exemplary old dame, poor, widowed, lonely, and with a heart as full of reminiscences about her dead husband and children,

and her dead friends of long ago, as a burial ground is full of storied gravestones. Yet all this, which would else have been such heavy sorrow, was made almost a solemn joy to her devout old soul, by religious consolations and the truths of Scripture wherewith she had fed herself continually for more than thirty years. And since Mr. Dimmesdale had taken her in charge the good granddame's chief earthly comfort—which unless it had been likewise a heavenly comfort could have been none at all—was to meet her pastor, whether casually or of set purpose, and be refreshed with a word of warm, fragrant, heaven-breathing gospel truth from his beloved lips into her dulled but rapturously attentive ear. But on this occasion, up to the moment of putting his lips to the old woman's ear, Mr. Dimmesdale, as the great enemy of souls would have it, could recall no text of Scripture, or aught else, except a brief, pithy, and, as it then appeared to him, unanswerable argument against the immortality of the human soul. The instilment thereof into her mind would probably have caused this aged sister to drop down dead at once, as by the effect of an intensely poisonous infection. What he really did whisper the minister could never afterward recollect. There was perhaps a fortunate disorder in his utterance, which failed to impart any distinct idea to the good widow's comprehension, or which Providence interpreted after a method of its own. Assuredly, as the minister looked back, he beheld an expression of divine gratitude and ecstasy that seemed like the shine of the Celestial City on her face, so wrinkled and ashy pale.

Again, a third instance: After parting from the old church-member, he met the youngest sister of them all. It was a maiden newly-won—and won by the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale's own sermon, on the Sabbath after his vigil—to barter the transitory

pleasures of the world for the heavenly hope that was to assume brighter substance as life grew dark around her, and which would gild the utter gloom with final glory. She was fair and pure as a lily that had bloomed in Paradise. The minister knew well that he was himself enshrined within the stainless sanctity of her heart, which hung its snowy curtains about his image, imparting to religion the warmth of love, and to love a religious purity. Satan, that afternoon, had surely led the poor young girl away from her mother's side, and thrown her into the pathway of this sorely tempted, or—shall we not say? this lost and desperate man. As she drew near, the arch-fiend whispered him to condense into a small compass and drop into her tender bosom a germ of evil that would be sure to blossom darkly soon, and bear black fruit betimes. Such was his sense of power over this virgin's soul, trusting him as she did, that the minister felt potent to blight all the field of innocence with but one wicked look, and develop all its opposite with but a word. So—with a mightier struggle than he had yet sustained—he held his Geneva cloak before his face, and hurried onward, making no sign of recognition, and leaving the young sister to digest his rudeness as she might. She ransacked her conscience, which was full of harmless little matters—like her pocket or her workbag—and took herself to task, poor thing! for a thousand imaginary faults; and went about her household duties with swollen eyelids the next morning.

Before the minister had time to celebrate his victory over this last temptation, he was conscious of another impulse, more ludicrous, and almost as horrible. It was to stop short in the road, and teach some very wicked words to a knot of little Puritan children who were playing there, and had but just begun to talk. Denying himself this

freak, as unworthy of his cloth, he met a drunken seaman, one of the ship's crew from the Spanish Main. And here, since he had so valiantly forborne all other wickedness, poor Mr. Dimmesdale longed at least to shake hands with the tarry blackguard, and recreate himself with a few improper jests, such as dissolute sailors so abound with and a volley of good, round, and heaven-defying oaths! It was not so much a better principle as partly his natural good taste, and still more his buckrammed habit of clerical decorum, that carried him through the latter crisis.

"What is it that haunts and tempts me thus?" cried the minister to himself, at length, pausing in the street, and striking his hand against his forehead. "Am I mad? or am I given over utterly to the fiend? Did I make a contract with him in the forest, and sign it with my blood? And does he now summon to its fulfilment by suggesting the performance of every wickedness which his most foul imagination can conceive?"

At the moment when the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale thus communed with himself, and struck his forehead with his hand, old Mistress Hibbins, the reputed witch-lady, is said to have been passing by. She made a very grand appearance; having on a high head-dress, a rich gown of velvet, and a ruff done up with the famous yellow starch of which Ann Turner, her especial friend, had taught her the secret, before this last good lady had been hanged for Sir Thomas Overbury's murder. Whether the witch had read the minister's thoughts or no, she came to a full stop, looked shrewdly into his face, smiled craftily, and though little given to converse with clergymen began a conversation.

"So, Reverend Sir, you have made a visit into the forest," observed the witch-lady, nodding her high head-dress at him. "The next time I pray you to

allow me only a fair warning, and I shall be proud to bear you company. Without taking overmuch upon myself, my good word will go far toward gaining any strange gentleman a fair reception from yonder potentate you wot of."

"I profess, Madam," answered the clergyman, with a grave obeisance such as the lady's rank demanded, and his good breeding made imperative, "I profess, on my conscience and character, that I am utterly bewildered as touching the purport of your words. I went not into the forest to seek a potentate; neither do I at any future time design a visit thither with a view to gaining favor of such personage. My one sufficient reason was to greet that pious friend of mine, the Apostle Eliot, and rejoice with him over the many precious souls he hath won from heathendom."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled the old witch-lady, still nodding her high head-dress at the minister. "Well, well, we must not talk thus in the daytime! You carry it off like an old hand! But at midnight, and in the forest, we shall have other talk together!"

She passed on with her aged stateliness, but often turned back her head, and smiling at him, like one willing to recognize a secret intimacy of connection.

"Have I then sold myself," thought the minister, "to the fiend whom, if men say true, this yellow-starched and velveted old hag has chosen for her prince and master?"

The wretched minister! He had made a bargain very like it! Tempted by a dream of happiness, he had yielded by deliberate choice, as he had never done before, to what he knew was deadly sin. And the infectious poison of that sin had been thus rapidly diffused throughout his moral system. It had stupefied all blessed impulses, and awakened

into vivid life the whole brotherhood of bad ones. Scorn, bitterness, unprovoked malignity, gratuitous desire of ill, ridicule of whatever was good and holy, all awoke to tempt even while they frightened him. And his encounter with old Mistress Hibbins, if it were a real incident, did but show his sympathy and fellowship with wicked mortals and the world of perverted spirits.

He had by this time reached his dwelling on the edge of the burial-ground, and hastening up the stairs, took refuge in his study. The minister was glad to have reached this shelter without first betraying himself to the world by any of those strange and wicked eccentricities to which he had been continually impelled while passing through the streets. He entered the accustomed room, and looked around him on its books, its windows, its fireplace, and the tapestried comfort of the walls, with the same perception of strangeness that had haunted him throughout his walk from the forest dell into the town, and thitherward. Here he had studied and written; here had gone through fast and vigil, and come forth half alive; here had striven to pray; here borne a hundred thousand agonies! There was the Bible, in its rich old Hebrew, with Moses and the Prophets speaking to him, and God's voice through all! There on the table, with the inky pen beside it was an unfinished sermon, with a sentence broken in the midst, where his thoughts had ceased to gush out upon the page two days before. He knew that it was himself, the thin and white-cheeked minister, who had done and suffered these things, and written thus far into the Election Sermon! But he seemed to stand apart, and eye this former self with scornful, pitying, but half envious curiosity. That self was gone. Another man had returned out of the forest; a wiser one; with a knowledge of hidden mysteries which

the simplicity of the former never could have reached. A bitter kind of knowledge that!

While occupied with these reflections a knock came at the door of the study, and the minister said, "Come in!"—not wholly devoid of an idea that he might behold an evil spirit. And so he did! It was old Roger Chillingworth that entered. The minister stood, white and speechless, with one hand on the Hebrew Scriptures, and the other spread upon his breast.

"Welcome home, Reverend Sir," said the physician. "And how found you that godly man, the Apostle Eliot? But methinks, dear Sir, you look pale; as if the travel through the wilderness had been too sore for you. Will not my aid be requisite to put you in heart and strength to preach your Election Sermon?"

"Nay, I think not so," rejoined the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. "My journey, and the sight of the holy Apostle yonder, and the free air which I have breathed, have done me good after so long confinment in my study. I think to need no more of your drugs, my kind physician, good though they be, and administered by a friendly hand."

All this time Roger Chillingworth was looking at the minister with the grave and intent regard of a physician toward his patient. But in spite of all this outward show the latter was almost convinced of the old man's knowledge, or, at least, his confident suspicion, with respect to his own interview with Hester Prynne. The physician knew then that in the minister's regard he was no longer a trusted friend, but his bitterest enemy. So much being known, it would appear natural that a part of it should be expressed. It is singular, however, how long a time often passes before words embody things; and with what security two persons who choose to avoid a certain subject may approach its

very verge, and retire without disturbing it. Thus the minister felt no apprehension that Roger Chillingworth would touch, in express words, upon the real position which they sustained toward one another. Yet did the physician, in his dark way, creep frightfully near the secret.

"Were it not better," said he, "that you use my poor skill to-night? Verily, my dear sir, we must take pains to make you strong and vigorous for this occasion of the Election discourse. The people look for great things from you; apprehending that another year may come about and find their pastor gone."

"Yea, to another world," replied the minister with pious resignation. "Heaven grant it may be to a better one; for in good sooth, I hardly think to tarry with my flock through the flitting seasons of another year! But touching your medicine, kind sir, in my present frame of body, I need it not."

"I joy to hear it," answered the physician. "It may be that my remedies, so long administered in vain, begin now to take due effect. Happy man were I, and well deserving of New England's gratitude, could I achieve this cure!"

"I thank you from my heart, most watchful friend," said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, with a solemn smile. "I thank you, and can but requite your good deeds with my prayers."

"A good man's prayers are golden recompense!" rejoined old Roger Chillingworth, as he took his leave. "Yea, they are the current gold coin of the New Jerusalem, with the King's own mint-mark on them!"

Left alone, the minister summoned a servant of the house and requested food, which being set before him he ate with ravenous appetite. Then flinging the already written pages of the Election Sermon into the fire, he forthwith began another,

which he wrote with such an impulsive flow of thought and emotion that he fancied himself inspired; and wondered that Heaven should see fit to transmit the grand and solemn music of its oracles through so foul an organ-pipe as he. However, leaving that mystery to solve itself, or go unsolved forever, he drove his task onward with earnest haste and ecstasy. Thus the night fled away, as if it were a winged steed, and he careering upon it. Morning came, and peeped blushing through the curtains; and at last sunrise threw a golden beam into the study, and laid it right across the minister's bedazzled eyes. There he was, with his pen still between his fingers, and a vast, immeasurable tract of written space behind him!

THE MARKET-PLACE

(From "The Scarlet Letter")

THE grass-plot before the jail, in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning, not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of the inhabitants of Boston; all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron-clamped oaken door. Amongst any other population, or at a later period in the history of New England, the grim rigidity that petrified the bearded physiognomies of these good people would have augured some awful business in hand. It could have betokened nothing short of the anticipated execution of some noted culprit, on whom the sentence of a legal tribunal had but confirmed the verdict of public sentiment. But, in that early severity of the Puritan character, an inference of this kind could not so indubitably be drawn. It might be that a sluggish bond-servant, or an undutiful child, whom his parents had given over

to the civil authority, was to be corrected at the whipping-post. It might be, that an Antinomian, a Quaker, or other heterodox religionist was to be scourged out of the town, or an idle and vagrant Indian, whom the white man's fire-water had made riotous about the streets, was to be driven with stripes into the shadow of the forest. It might be, too, that a witch, like old Mistress Hibbins, the bitter-tempered widow of the magistrate, was to die upon the gallows. In either case, there was very much the same solemnity of demeanor on the part of the spectators; as befitted a people amongst whom religion and law were almost identical, and in whose character both were so thoroughly interfused that the mildest and the severest acts of public discipline were alike made venerable and awful. Meager, indeed, and cold was the sympathy that a transgressor might look for, from such bystanders, at the scaffold. On the other hand, a penalty which, in our days, would infer a degree of mocking infamy and ridicule might then be invested with almost as stern a dignity as the punishment of death itself.

It was a circumstance to be noted, on the summer morning when our story begins its course, that the women, of whom there were several in the crowd, appeared to take a peculiar interest in whatever penal infliction might be expected to ensue. The age had not so much refinement that any sense of impropriety restrained the wearers of petticoat and farthingale from stepping forth into the public ways, and wedging their not unsubstantial persons, if occasion were, into the throng nearest to the scaffold at an execution. Morally, as well as materially, there was a coarser fiber in those wives and maidens of old English birth and breeding than in their fair descendants, separated from them by a series of six or seven generations; for, throughout that chain of ancestry, every successive mother has transmitted

to her child a fainter bloom, a more delicate and briefer beauty, and a slighter physical frame, if not a character of less force and solidity, than her own. The women who were now standing about the prison-door stood within less than half a century of the period when the man-like Elizabeth had been the not altogether unsuitable representative of the sex. They were her countrywomen; and the beef and ale of their native land, with a moral diet not a whit more refined, entered largely into their composition. The bright morning sun, therefore, shone on broad shoulders and well-developed busts, and on round and ruddy cheeks, that had ripened in the far-off island, and had hardly yet grown paler or thinner in the atmosphere of New England. There was, moreover, a boldness and rotundity of speech among these matrons, as most of them seemed to be, that would startle us of the present day, whether in respect to its purport or its volume of tone.

"Goodwives," said a hard-featured dame of fifty, "I'll tell ye a piece of my mind. It would be greatly for the public behoof if we women, being of mature age and church-members in good repute, should have the handling of such malefactresses as this Hester Prynne. What think ye, gossips If the hussy stood up for judgment before us five, that are now here in a knot together, would she come off with such a sentence as the worshipful magistrates have awarded? Marry, I trow not!"

"People say," said another, "that the Reverend Master Dimmesdale, her godly pastor, takes it very grievously to heart that such a scandal should have come upon his congregation."

"The magistrates are God-fearing gentlemen, but merciful overmuch,—that is a truth," added a third autumnal matron. "At the very least, they should have put the brand of a hot iron on Hester Prynne's forehead. Madam Hester would have winced at that,

I warrant me. But she,—the naughty baggage,—little will she care what they put upon the bodice of her gown! Why, look you, she may cover it with a brooch, or such like heathenish adornment, and so walk the streets as brave as ever!"

"Ah, but," interposed, more softly, a young wife, holding a child by the hand, "let her cover the mark as she will, the pang of it will be always in her heart."

"What do we talk of marks and brands, whether on the bodice of her gown, or the flesh of her forehead?" cried another female, the ugliest as well as the most pitiless of these self-constituted judges. "This woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there not law for it? Truly there is, both in the Scripture and the statute-book. Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go astray!"

"Mercy on us, goodwife," exclaimed a man in the crowd, "is there no virtue in woman save what springs from a wholesome fear of the gallows? That is the hardest word yet! Hush, now, gossips! for the lock is turning in the prison door, and here comes Mistress Prynne herself."

The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side, and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward; until, on the threshold of the prison-door she repelled him by an action

marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air as if by her own free will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison.

When the young woman—the mother of this child—stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom; not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a certain token which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and her neighbors. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparent which she wore; and which was of a splendor in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony.

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it hrew off the sunshine with a gleam, and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was ladylike, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility

of those days; characterized by a certain state and dignity, rather than by the delicate, evanescent, and indescribable grace, which is now recognized as its indication. And never had Hester Prynne appeared more lady-like, in the antique interpretation of the term, than as she issued from the prison. Those who had before known her and had expected to behold her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished, and even startled, to perceive how her beauty shone out, and made a halo of the misfortune and ignominy in which she was enveloped. It may be true, that, to a sensitive observer, there was something exquisitely painful in it. Her attire, which, indeed, she had wrought for the occasion in prison, and had modeled much after her own fancy, seemed to express the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by its wild and picturesque peculiarity. But the point which drew all eyes, and, as it were, transfigured the wearer,—so that both men and women, who had been familiarly acquainted with Hester Prynne, were now impressed as if they beheld her for the first time,—was that SCARLET LETTER, so fantastically embroidered and illuminated upon her bosom. It had the effect of a spell, taking her out of the ordinary relations with humanity, and enclosing her in a sphere by herself.

"She hath good skill at her needle, that's certain," remarked one of her female spectators; "but did ever a woman, before this brazen hussy, contrive such a way of showing it! Why, gossips, what is it but to laugh in the faces of our godly magistrates, and make a pride out of what they, worthy gentlemen, meant for a punishment?"

"It were well," muttered the most iron-visaged of the old dames, "if we stripped Madam Hester's rich gown off her dainty shoulders; and as for the red letter which she hath stitched so curiously, I'll

bestow a rag of mine own rheumatic flannel, to make a fitter one!"

"Oh, peace, neighbor, peace!" whispered their youngest companion; "do not let her hear you! Not a stitch in that embroidered letter but she has felt it in her heart."

The grim beadle now made a gesture with his staff.

"Make way, good people, make way, in the King's name!" cried he. "Open a passage; and I promise ye, Mistress Prynne shall be set where man, woman, and child may have a fair sight of her brave apparel, from this time till an hour past meridian. A blessing on the righteous Colony of the Massachusetts, where iniquity is dragged out into the sunshine! Come along, Madam Hester, and show your scarlet letter in the market-place!"

A lane was forthwith opened through the crowd of spectators. Preceded by the beadle, and attended by an irregular procession of stern-browed men and unkindly-visaged women, Hester Prynne set forth towards the place appointed for her punishment. A crowd of eager and curious school-boys, understanding little of the matter in hand, except that it gave them a half-holiday, ran before her progress, turning their heads continually to stare into her face, and at the winking baby in her arms, and at the ignominious letter on her breast. It was no great distance, in those days, from the prison-door to the market-place. Measured by the prisoner's experience, however, it might be reckoned a journey of some length; for, haughty as her demeanor was, she perchance underwent an agony from every footstep of those that thronged to see her, as if her heart had been flung into the street for them all to spurn and trample upon. In our nature, however, there is a provision, alike marvelous and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly

by the pang that rankles after it. With almost a serene deportment, therefore, Hester Prynne passed through this portion of her ordeal, and came to a sort of scaffold, at the western extremity of the market-place. It stood nearly beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church, and appeared to be a fixture there.

In fact, this scaffold constituted a portion of a penal machine, which now, for two or three generations past, has been merely historical and traditionary among us, but was held, in the old time, to be as effectual an agent, in the promotion of good citizenship, as ever was the guillotine among the terrorists of France. It was, in short, the platform of the pillory; and above it rose the framework of that instrument of discipline, so fashioned as to confine the human head in its tight grasp, and thus hold it up to the public gaze. The very ideal of ignominy was embodied and made manifest in this contrivance of wood and iron. There can be no outrage, methinks, against our common nature,—whatever be the delinquencies of the individual,—no outrage more flagrant than to forbid the culprit to hide his face for shame, as it was the essence of this punishment to do. In Hester Prynne's instance, however, as not infrequently in other cases, her sentence bore, that she should stand a certain time upon the platform, but without undergoing that gripe about the neck and confinement of the head, the proneness to which was the most devilish characteristic of this ugly engine. Knowing well her part, she ascended a flight of wooden steps, and was thus displayed to the surrounding multitude, at about the height of a man's shoulders above the street.

Had there been a Papist among the crowd of Puritans, he might have seen in this beautiful woman, so picturesque in her attire and mien, and with the infant at her bosom, an object to remind him of the image of Divine Maternity, which so many illus-

trious painters have vied with one another to represent; something which should remind him, indeed, but only by contrast, of that sacred image of sinless motherhood, whose infant was to redeem the world. Here, there was the taint of deepest sin in the most sacred quality of human life, working such effect, that the world was only the darker for this woman's beauty, and the more lost for the infant that she had borne.

The scene was not without a mixture of awe, such as must always invest the spectacle of guilt and shame in a fellow-creature, before society shall have grown corrupt enough to smile, instead of shuddering, at it. The witnesses of Hester Prynne's disgrace had not yet passed beyond their simplicity. They were stern enough to look upon her death, had that been the sentence, without a murmur at its severity, but had none of the heartlessness of another social state, which would find only a theme for jest in an exhibition like the present. Even had there been a disposition to turn the matter into ridicule, it must have been repressed and overpowered by the solemn presence of men no less dignified than the Governor, and several of his counsellors, a judge, a general, and the ministers of the town; all of whom sat or stood in a balcony of the meeting-house, looking down upon the platform. When such personages could constitute a part of the spectacle, without risking the majesty or reverence of rank and office, it was safely to be inferred that the infliction of a legal sentence would have an earnest and effectual meaning. Accordingly, the crowd was somber and grave. The unhappy culprit sustained herself as best a woman might, under the heavy weight of a thousand unrelenting eyes, all fastened upon her, and concentrated at her bosom. It was almost intolerable to be borne. Of an impulsive and passionate nature, she had fortified herself to en-

counter the stings and venomous stabs of public contumely, wreaking itself in every variety of insult; but there was a quality so much more terrible in the solemn mood of the popular mind, that she longed rather to behold all those rigid countenances contorted with scornful merriment, and herself the object. Had a roar of laughter burst from the multitude,—each man, each woman, each little shrill-voiced child, contributing their individual parts,—Hester Prynne might have repaid them all with a bitter and disdainful smile. But, under the leaden infliction which it was her doom to endure, she felt, at moments, as if she must needs shriek out with the full power of her lungs, and cast herself from the scaffold down upon the ground, or else go mad at once.

Yet there were intervals when the whole scene, in which she was the most conspicuous object, seemed to vanish from her eyes, or, at least, glimmered indistinctly before them, like a mass of imperfectly shaped and spectral images. Her mind, and especially her memory, was preternaturally active, and kept bringing up other scenes than this roughly-hewn street of a little town, on the edge of the Western wilderness; other faces than were lowering upon her from beneath the brims of those steeple-crowned hats. Reminiscences, the most trifling and immaterial, passages of infancy and school-days, sports, childish quarrels, and the little domestic traits of her maiden years, came swarming back upon her, intermingled with recollections of whatever was gravest in her subsequent life; one picture precisely as vivid as another; as if all were of similar importance, or all alike a play. Possibly, it was an instinctive device of her spirit, to relieve itself, by the exhibition of these phantasmagoric forms, from the cruel weight and hardness of the reality.

Be that as it might, the scaffold of the pillory was

a point of view that revealed to Hester Prynne the entire track along which she had been treading since her happy infancy. Standing on that miserable eminence, she saw again her native village, in Old England, and her paternal home; a decayed house of gray stone, with a poverty-stricken aspect, but retaining a half-obliterated shield of arms over the portal, in token of antique gentility. She saw her father's face, with its bald brow, and reverend white beard, that flowed over the old-fashioned Elizabethan ruff; her mother's, too, with the look of heedful and anxious love which it always wore in her remembrance, and which, even since her death, had so often laid the impediment of a gentle remonstrance in her daughter's pathway. She saw her own face, glowing with girlish beauty, and illuminating all the interior of the dusky mirror in which she had been wont to gaze at it. There she beheld another countenance, of a man well stricken in years, a pale, thin, scholar-like visage, with eyes dim and bleared by the lamp-light that had served them to pore over many ponderous books. Yet those same bleared optics had a strange, penetrating power, when it was their owner's purpose to read the human soul. This figure of the study and the cloister, as Hester Prynne's womanly fancy failed not to recall, was slightly deformed, with the left shoulder a trifle higher than the right. Next rose before her, in memory's picture-gallery, the intricate and narrow thoroughfares, the tall gray houses, the huge cathedrals, and the public edifices, ancient in date and quaint in architecture, of a Continental city; where a new life had awaited her, still in connection with the misshapen scholar; a new life, but feeding itself of time-worn materials, like a tuft of green moss on a crumbling wall. Lastly, in lieu of these shifting scenes, came back the rude market-place of the Puritan settlement, with all the townspeople

assembled and leveling their stern regards at Hester Prynne,—yes, at herself,—who stood on the scaffold of the pillory, an infant on her arm and the letter A, in scarlet, fantastically embroidered with gold thread, upon her bosom!

Could it be true? She clutched the child so fiercely to her breast that it sent forth a cry; she turned her eyes downward at the scarlet letter, and even touched it with her finger, to assure herself that the infant and the shame were real. Yes!—these were her realities,—all else had vanished!

THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY

(From "The Dragon's Teeth")

THIS Delphi was supposed to be the very midmost spot of the whole world. The place of the oracle was a certain cavity in the mountain-side, over which, when Cadmus came thither, he found a rude bower of branches. It reminded him of those which he had helped to build for Phœnix and Cilix, and afterwards for Thasus. In later times, when multitudes of people came from great distances to put questions to the oracle, a spacious temple of marble was erected over the spot. But in the days of Cadmus, as I have told you, there was only this rustic bower, with its abundance of green foliage, and a tuft of shrubbery, that ran wild over the mysterious hole in the hill-side.

When Cadmus had thrust a passage through the tangled boughs, and made his way into the bower, he did not at first discern the half-hidden cavity. But soon he felt a cold stream of air rushing out of it, with so much force that it shook the ringlets on his cheek. Pulling away the shrubbery which clustered over the hole, he bent forward, and spoke

in a distinct but reverential tone, as if addressing some unseen personage inside of the mountain.

"Sacred oracle of Delphi," said he, "whither shall I go next in quest of my dear sister Europa?"

There was at first a deep silence, and then a rushing sound, or a noise like a long sigh, proceeding out of the interior of the earth. This cavity, you must know, was looked upon as a sort of fountain of truth, which sometimes gushed out in audible words; although, for the most part, these words were such a riddle that they might just as well have stayed at the bottom of the hole. But Cadmus was more fortunate than many others who went to Delphi in search of truth. By and by, the rushing noise began to sound like articulate language. It repeated, over and over again, the following sentence, which, after all, was so like the vague whistle of a blast of air, that Cadmus really did not quite know whether it meant anything or not:—

"Seek her no more! Seek her no more! Seek her no more!"

"What, then, shall I do?" asked Cadmus.

For, ever since he was a child, you know, it had been the great object of his life to find his sister. From the very hour that he left following the butterfly in the meadow, near his father's palace, he had done his best to follow Europa, over land and sea. And now, if he must give up the search, he seemed to have no more business in the world.

But again the sighing gust of air grew into something like a hoarse voice.

"Follow the cow!" it said. "Follow the cow! Follow the cow!"

And when these words had been repeated until Cadmus was tired of hearing them (especially as he could not imagine what cow it was, or why he was

to follow her), the gusty hole gave vent to another sentence.

"Where the stray cow lies down, there is your home."

These words were pronounced but a single time, and died away into a whisper before Cadmus was fully satisfied that he had caught the meaning. He put other questions, but received no answer; only the gust of wind sighed continually out of the cavity, and blew the withered leaves rustling along the ground before it.

"Did there really come any words out of the hole?" thought Cadmus; "or have I been dreaming all this while?"

He turned away from the oracle, and thought himself no wiser than when he came thither. Caring little what might happen to him, he took the first path that offered itself, and went along at a sluggish pace; for, having no object in view, nor any reason to go one way more than another, it would certainly have been foolish to make haste. Whenever he met anybody, the old question was at his tongue's end:—

"Have you seen a beautiful maiden, dressed like a king's daughter, and mounted on a snow-white bull, that gallops as swiftly as the wind?"

But, remembering what the oracle had said, he only half uttered the words, and then mumbled the rest indistinctly; and, from his confusion, people must have imagined that this handsome young man had lost his wits.

I know not how far Cadmus had gone, nor could he himself have told you, when, at no great distance before him, he beheld a brindled cow. She was lying down by the wayside, and quietly chewing her cud; nor did she take any notice of the young man until he had approached pretty nigh. Then, getting leisurely upon her feet, and giving her head a gentle

toss, she began to move along at a moderate pace, often pausing just long enough to crop a mouthful of grass. Cadmus loitered behind, whistling idly to himself, and scarcely noticing the cow; until the thought occurred to him, whether this could possibly be the animal which, according to the oracle's response, was to serve him for a guide. But he smiled at himself for fancying such a thing. He could not seriously think that this was the cow, because she went along so quietly, behaving just like any other cow. Evidently she neither knew nor cared so much as a wisp of hay about Cadmus, and was only thinking how to get her living along the wayside, where the herbage was green and fresh. Perhaps she was going home to be milked.

"Cow, cow, cow!" cried Cadmus. "Hey, Brindle, hey! Stop, my good cow!"

He wanted to come up with the cow, so as to examine her, and see if she would appear to know him, or whether there were any peculiarities to distinguish her from a thousand other cows, whose only business is to fill the milk-pail and sometimes kick it over. But still the brindled cow trudged on, whisking her tail to keep the flies away, and taking as little notice of Cadmus as she well could. If he walked slowly, so did the cow, and seized the opportunity to graze. If he quickened his pace, the cow went just so much the faster; and once, when Cadmus tried to catch her by running, she threw out her heels, stuck her tail straight on end, and set off at a gallop, looking as queerly as cows generally do while putting themselves to their speed.

When Cadmus saw that it was impossible to come up with her, he walked on moderately, as before. The cow, too, went leisurely on, without looking behind. Wherever the grass was greenest, there she nibbled a mouthful or two. Where a brook glistened brightly across the path, there the cow drank, and

breathed a comfortable sigh, and drank again, and trudged onward at the pace that best suited herself and Cadmus.

"I do believe," thought Cadmus, "that this may be the cow that was foretold me. If it be the one, I suppose she will lie down somewhere hereabouts."

Whether it were the oracular cow or some other one, it did not seem reasonable that she should travel a great way farther. So, whenever they reached a particularly pleasant spot on a breezy hill-side, or in a sheltered vale, or flowery meadow, on the shore of a calm lake, or along the bank of a clear stream, Cadmus looked eagerly around to see if the situation would suit him for a home. But still, whether he liked the place or no, the brindled cow never offered to lie down. On she went at the quiet pace of a cow going homeward to the barn-yard; and, every moment, Cadmus expected to see a milkmaid approaching with a pail, or a herdsman running to head the stray animal, and turn her back towards the pasture. But no milkmaid came; no herdsman drove her back; and Cadmus followed the stray Brindle till he was almost ready to drop down with fatigue.

"O brindled cow!" cried he, in a tone of despair "do you never mean to stop?"

He had now grown too intent on following her to think of lagging behind, however long the way, and whatever might be his fatigue. Indeed, it seemed as if there were something about the animal that bewitched people. Several persons who happened to see the brindled cow, and Cadmus following behind, began to trudge after her, precisely as he did. Cadmus was glad of somebody to converse with, and therefore talked very freely to these good people. He told them all his adventures, and how he had left King Agenor in his palace, and Phœnix at one place, and Cilix at another, and Thasus at a third,

and his dear mother, Queen Telephassa, under a flowery sod; so that now he was quite alone, both friendless and homeless. He mentioned, likewise, that the oracle had bidden him be guided by a cow, and inquired of the strangers whether they supposed that this brindled animal could be the one.

"Why, 'tis a very wonderful affair," answered one of his new companions. "I am pretty well acquainted with the ways of cattle, and I never knew a cow, of her own accord, to go so far without stopping. If my legs will let me, I'll never leave following the beast till she lies down."

"Nor I!" said a second.

"Nor I!" cried a third. "If she goes a hundred miles farther, I'm determined to see the end of it."

The secret of it was, you must know, that the cow was an enchanted cow, and that, without their being conscious of it, she threw some of her enchantment over everybody that took so much as half a dozen steps behind her. They could not possibly help following her, though all the time they fancied themselves doing it of their own accord. The cow was by no means very nice in choosing her path; so that sometimes they had to scramble over rocks, or wade through mud and mire, and were all in a terribly bedraggled condition, and tired to death, and very hungry into the bargain. What a weary business it was!

But still they kept trudging stoutly forward, and talking as they went. The strangers grew very fond of Cadmus, and resolved never to leave him, but to help him build a city wherever the cow might lie down. In the center of it there should be a noble palace, in which Cadmus might dwell, and be their king, with a throne, a crown and scepter, a purple robe, and everything else that a king ought to have; for in him there was the royal blood, and the royal heart, and the head that knew how to rule.

While they were talking of these schemes, and beguiling the tediousness of the way with laying out the plan of the new city, one of the company happened to look at the cow.

"Joy! joy!" cried he, clapping his hands. "Brindle is going to lie down!"

They all looked; and, sure enough, the cow had stopped, and was staring leisurely about her, as other cows do when on the point of lying down. And slowly, slowly did she recline herself on the soft grass, first bending her fore legs, and then crouching her hind ones. When Cadmus and his companions came up with her, there was the brindled cow taking her ease, chewing her cud, and looking them quietly in the face; as if this was just the spot she had been seeking for, and as if it were all a matter of course.

"This, then," said Cadmus, gazing around him, "this is to be my home."

It was a fertile and lovely plain, with great trees flinging their sun-speckled shadows over it, and hills fencing it in from the rough weather. At no great distance, they beheld a river gleaming in the sunshine. A home feeling stole into the heart of poor Cadmus. He was very glad to know that here he might awake in the morning, without the necessity of putting on his dusty sandals to travel farther and farther. The days and the years would pass over him, and find him still in this pleasant spot. If he could have had his brothers with him, and his friend Thasus, and could have seen his dear mother under a roof of his own, he might here have been happy, after all their disappointments. Some day or other, too, his sister Europa might have come quietly to the door of his home, and smiled round upon the familiar faces. But, indeed, since there was no hope of regaining the friends of his boyhood, or ever seeing his dear sister again, Cadmus resolved

to make himself happy with these new companions, who had grown so fond of him while following the cow.

"Yes, my friends," said he to them, "this is to be our home. Here we will build our habitations. The brindled cow, which has led us hither, will supply us with milk. We will cultivate the neighboring soil, and lead an innocent and happy life."

His companions joyfully assented to this plan; and, in the first place, being very hungry and thirsty, they looked about them for the means of providing a comfortable meal. Not far off they saw a tuft of trees, which appeared as if there might be a spring of water beneath them. They went thither to fetch some, leaving Cadmus stretched on the ground along with the brindled cow; for, now that he had found a place of rest, it seemed as if all the weariness of his pilgrimage, ever since he left King Agenor's palace, had fallen upon him at once. But his new friends had not long been gone, when he was suddenly startled by cries, shouts and screams, and the noise of a terrible struggle, and in the midst of it all, a most awful hissing, which went right through his ears like a rough saw.

Running towards the tuft of trees, he beheld the head and fiery eyes of an immense serpent or dragon, with the widest jaws that ever a dragon had, and a vast many rows of horribly sharp teeth. Before Cadmus could reach the spot, this pitiless reptile had killed his poor companions, and was busily devouring them, making but a mouthful of each man.

It appears that the fountain of water was enchanted, and that the dragon had been set to guard it, so that no mortal might ever quench his thirst there. As the neighboring inhabitants carefully avoided the spot, it was now a long time (not less than a hundred years, or thereabouts) since the monster

had broken his fast; and, as was natural enough, his appetite had grown to be enormous, and was not half satisfied by the poor people whom he had just eaten up. When he caught sight of Cadmus, therefore, he set up another abominable hiss, and flung back his immense jaws, until his mouth looked like a great red cavern, at the farther end of which were seen the legs of his last victim, whom he had hardly had time to swallow.

But Cadmus was so enraged at the destruction of his friends that he cared neither for the size of the dragon's jaws nor for his hundreds of sharp teeth. Drawing his sword, he rushed at the monster, and flung himself right into his cavernous mouth. This bold method of attacking him took the dragon by surprise; for, in fact, Cadmus had leaped so far down into his throat that the rows of terrible teeth could not close upon him, nor do him the least harm in the world. Thus, though the struggle was a tremendous one, and though the dragon shattered the tuft of trees into small splinters by the lashing of his tail, yet, as Cadmus was all the while slashing and stabbing at his very vitals, it was not long before the scaly wretch bethought himself of slipping away. He had not gone his length, however, when the brave Cadmus gave him a sword-thrust that finished the battle; and, creeping out of the gateway of the creature's jaws, there he beheld him still wriggling his vast bulk, although there was no longer life enough in him to harm a little child.

But do not you suppose that it made Cadmus sorrowful to think of the melancholy fate which had befallen those poor, friendly people who had followed the cow along with him? It seemed as if he were doomed to lose everybody whom he loved, or to see them perish in one way or another. And here he was, after all his toils and troubles, in a

solitary place, with not a single human being to help him build a hut.

"What shall I do?" cried he aloud. "It were better for me to have been devoured by the dragon, as my poor companions were."

"Cadmus," said a voice,—but whether it came from above or below him, or whether it spoke within his own breast, the young man could not tell,—"Cadmus, pluck out the dragon's teeth and plant them in the earth."

This was a strange thing to do; nor was it very easy, I should imagine, to dig out all those deep-rooted fangs from the dead dragon's jaws. But Cadmus toiled and tugged, and after pounding the monstrous head almost to pieces with a great stone, he at last collected as many teeth as might have filled a bushel or two. The next thing was to plant them. This, likewise, was a tedious piece of work, especially as Cadmus was already exhausted with killing the dragon and knocking his head to pieces, and had nothing to dig the earth with, that I know of, unless it were his sword-blade. Finally, however, a sufficiently large tract of ground was turned up, and sown with this new kind of seed; although half of the dragon's teeth still remained to be planted some other day.

Cadmus, quite out of breath, stood leaning upon his sword, and wondering what was to happen next. He had waited but a few moments, when he began to see a sight which was as great a marvel as the most marvellous thing I ever told you about.

The sun was shining slantwise over the field, and showed all the moist, dark soil just like any other newly-planted piece of ground. All at once, Cadmus fancied he saw something glisten very brightly, first at one spot, then at another, and then at a hundred and a thousand spots together. Soon he perceived them to be the steel heads of spears,

sprouting up everywhere like so many stalks of grain, and continually growing taller and taller. Next appeared a vast number of bright sword-blades, thrusting themselves up in the same way. A moment afterwards, the whole surface of the ground was broken up by a multitude of polished brass helmets, coming up like a crop of enormous beans. So rapidly did they grow that Cadmus now discerned the fierce countenance of a man beneath every one. In short, before he had time to think what a wonderful affair it was, he beheld an abundant harvest of what looked like human beings, armed with helmets and breastplates, shields, swords and spears; and before they were well out of the earth, they brandished their weapons, and clashed them one against another, seeming to think, little while as they had yet lived, that they had wasted too much of life without a battle. Every tooth of the dragon had produced one of these sons of deadly mischief.

Up sprouted, also, a great many trumpeters; and with the first breath that they drew, they put their brazen trumpets to their lips, and sounded a tremendous and ear-shattering blast, so that the whole space, just now so quiet and solitary, reverberated with the clash and clang of arms, the bray of war-like music, and the shouts of angry men. So enraged did they all look, that Cadmus fully expected them to put the whole world to the sword. How fortunate would it be for a great conqueror, if he could get a bushel of the dragon's teeth to sow!

"Cadmus," said the same voice which he had before heard, "throw a stone into the midst of the armed men."

So Cadmus seized a large stone, and, flinging it into the middle of the earth army, saw it strike the breastplate of a gigantic and fierce-looking warrior. Immediately on feeling the blow, he seemed

to take it for granted that somebody had struck him; and, uplifting his weapon, he smote his next neighbor a blow that cleft his helmet asunder, and stretched him on the ground. In an instant, those nearest the fallen warrior began to strike at one another with their swords and stab with their spears. The confusion spread wider and wider. Each man smote down his brother, and was himself smitten down before he had time to exult in his victory. The trumpeters, all the while, blew their blasts shriller and shriller; each soldier shouted a battle-cry and often fell with it on his lips. It was the strangest spectacle of causeless wrath, and of mischief for no good end, that had ever been witnessed; but, after all, it was neither more foolish nor more wicked than a thousand battles that have since been fought, in which men have slain their brothers with just as little reason as these children of the dragon's teeth. It ought to be considered, too, that the dragon people were made for nothing else; whereas other mortals were born to love and help one another.

Well, this memorable battle continued to rage until he ground was strewn with helmeted heads that had been cut off. Of all the thousands that began the fight, there were only five left standing. These now rushed from different parts of the field, and, meeting in the middle of it, clashed their swords, and struck at each other's hearts as fiercely as ever.

"Cadmus," said the voice again, "bid those fine warriors sheathe their swords. They will help you to build the city."

Without hesitating an instant, Cadmus stepped forward, with the aspect of a king and a leader, and extending his drawn sword amongst them, spoke to the warriors in a stern and commanding voice.

"Sheathe your weapons!" said he.

And forthwith, feeling themselves bound to obey him, the five remaining sons of the dragon's teeth made him a military salute with their swords, returned them to the scabbards, and stood before Cadmus in a rank, eyeing him as soldiers eye their captain, while awaiting the word of command.

These five men had probably sprung from the biggest of the dragon's teeth, and were the boldest and strongest of the whole army. They were almost giants, indeed, and had good need to be so, else they never could have lived through so terrible a fight. They still had a very furious look, and, if Cadmus happened to glance aside, would glare at one another with fire flashing out of their eyes. It was strange, too, to observe how the earth, out of which they had so lately grown, was incrusted, here and there, on their bright breastplates, and even begrimed their faces, just as you may have seen it clinging to beets and carrots when pulled out of their native soil. Cadmus hardly knew whether to consider them as men, or some odd kind of vegetable; although, on the whole, he concluded that there was human nature in them, because they were so fond of trumpets and weapons, and so ready to shed blood.

They looked him earnestly in the face, waiting for his next order, and evidently desiring no other employment than to follow him from one battlefield to another, all over the wide world. But Cadmus was wiser than these earth-born creatures, with the dragon's fierceness in them, and knew better how to use their strength and hardihood.

"Come!" said he. "You are sturdy fellows. Make yourself useful! Quarry some stones with those great swords of yours, and help me to build a city."

The five soldiers grumbled a little, and muttered that it was their business to overthrow cities, not to

build them up. But Cadmus looked at them with a stern eye, and spoke to them in a tone of authority, so that they knew him for their master, and never again thought of disobeying his commands. They set to work in good earnest, and toiled so diligently that, in a very short time, a city began to make its appearance. At first, to be sure, the workmen showed a quarrelsome disposition. Like savage beasts, they would doubtless have done one another a mischief if Cadmus had not kept watch over them and quelled the fierce old serpent that lurked in their hearts, when he saw it gleaming out of their wild eyes. But, in course of time, they got accustomed to honest labor, and had sense enough to feel that there was more true enjoyment in living at peace, and doing good to one's neighbor, than in striking at him with a two-edged sword. It may not be too much to hope that the rest of mankind will by and by grow as wise and peaceable as these five earth-begrimed warriors who sprang from the dragon's teeth.

And now the city was built, and there was a home in it for each of the workmen. But the palace of Cadmus was not yet erected, because they had left it till the last, meaning to introduce all the new improvements of architecture, and make it very commodious, as well as stately and beautiful. After finishing the rest of their labors, they all went to bed betimes, in order to rise in the gray of the morning, and get at least the foundation of the edifice laid before nightfall. But, when Cadmus arose, and took his way towards the site where the palace was to be built, followed by his five sturdy workmen marching all in a row, what do you think he saw?

What should it be but the most magnificent palace that had ever been seen in the world! It was built of marble and other beautiful kinds of

stone, and rose high into the air, with a splendid dome, and a portico along the front, and carved pillars and everything else that befitted the habitation of a mighty king. It had grown up out of the earth in almost as short a time as it had taken the armed host to spring from the dragon's teeth; and what made the matter more strange, no seed of this stately edifice had ever been planted.

When the five workmen beheld the dome, with the morning sunshine making it look golden and glorious, they gave a great shout.

"Long live King Cadmus," they cried, "in his beautiful palace."

And the new king, with his five faithful followers at his heels, shouldering their pickaxes and marching in a rank (for they still had a soldier-like sort of behavior, as their nature was), ascended the palace steps. Halting at the entrance, they gazed through a long vista of lofty pillars that were ranged from end to end of a great hall. At the farther extremity of this hall, approaching slowly towards him, Cadmus beheld a female figure, wonderfully beautiful, and adorned with a royal robe, and a crown of diamonds over her golden ringlets, and the richest necklace that ever a queen wore. His heart thrilled with delight. He fancied it his long-lost sister Europa, now grown to womanhood, coming to make him happy, and to repay him, with her sweet sisterly affection, for all those weary wanderings in quest of her since he left King Agenors" palace,—for the tears that he had shed, on parting with Phœnix, and Cilix, and Thasus,—for the heart-breakings that had made the whole world seem dismal to him over his dear mother's grave.

But, as Cadmus advanced to meet the beautiful stranger, he saw that her features were unknown to him, although, in the little time that it required to

tread along the hall, he had already felt a sympathy betwixt himself and her.

"No, Cadmus," said the same voice that had spoken to him in the field of the armed men, "this is not that dear sister Europa whom you have sought so faithfully all over the wide world. This is Harmonia, a daughter of the sky, who is given you instead of sister, and brothers, and friends, and mother. You will find all those dear ones in her alone."

So King Cadmus dwelt in the palace, with his new friend Harmonia, and found a great deal of comfort in his magnificent abode, but would doubtless have found as much, if not more, in the humblest cottage by the wayside. Before many years went by, there was a group of rosy little children (but how they came thither has always been a mystery to me) sporting in the great hall, and on the marble steps of the palace, and running joyfully to meet King Cadmus when affairs of state left him at leisure to play with them. They called him father, and Queen Harmonia mother. The five old soldiers of the dragon's teeth grew very fond of these small urchins, and were never weary of showing them how to shoulder sticks, flourish wooden swords, and march in military order, blowing a penny trumpet, or beating an abominable rub-a-dub upon a little drum.

But King Cadmus, lest there should be too much of the dragon's teeth in the children's disposition, used to find time from his kingly duties to teach them their A B C,—which he invented for their benefit, and for which many little people, I am afraid, are not half so grateful to him as they ought to be.